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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



Commencing the story of "*The Little Princesses*" BY THEIR GOVERNESS MARION CRAWFORD

Which Twin has the Toni

-and which has
the expensive
perm?

(see answer below)



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Which Twin has the Toni? Pictured above are Moyna and Norma Spike, of Maroubra, N.S.W. Moyna, the twin on the left, has the Toni! No one can tell the difference between her Toni and Norma's expensive salon perm.



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The Case of COME-HITHER BEND

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"It's from Enone. She is coming here to-night," Vio told them, studying the telegram.

By Margot Neville

Opening instalment of an intriguing new mystery serial

IT would have been hard to say just where the train of happenings that led to the disaster at Come-hither Bend began. All you could say was that on this evening, a hot Friday evening in November, there may have been a few small signs of something below the surface, but you would have needed second sight to construe them.

Athol's expression, for instance, when he picked up the turpentine rag; the tone in Kenneth Symonds' voice on the telephone; Vio Thomas' unexplained mishap on the Connells' steps...

But for these possible straws in the wind you would have said that there wasn't a shade of difference between the beginning of this weekend and any other in the year.

They would all meet at the Connells for

drinks and exchange of gossip between six and eight; and if anyone failed to show up Peter Connell would say to Brigid: "Your friend Symonds"—or whoever it might be—"seems to have deserted us," and all present would feel a little neglected.

The ties that bind neighbor to neighbor in a small community can be more than a little exacting, and Come-hither Bend was a very small community, an hour's bus ride from Sydney.

It was made up of the five or six houses on the boomerang-shaped stretch of road that skirted the gully. Once you had left the bus at Cook's Corner, turned your back on Druiitt's store and the macadamised highway and stepped a few paces down the narrow red road, the trees closed round you—and the smell of the bush—and the silence.

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The Little Princesses

PART 1.

By their governess, MARION CRAWFORD

As Royal Princesses, Elizabeth and Margaret have lived their official lives in a blaze of publicity, but as little girls they were known only to their family circle. Now Marion Crawford, their governess for 16 years, has written the inside story of the real Princesses . . . as they are at home.

I HAD always wanted to teach, though not in the usual way, and I had certainly never intended to become a governess.

I was born June 5, 1909, in the same house where my mother, and her father before her, had been born—Woodside Cottage, near Kilmarnock, in Ayrshire. After my father's death, when I was two, my mother remarried, and we came to live in Dunfermline, in Scotland.

I studied at the Moray Training College, in Edinburgh, and my training had taken me into the poorer parts of the city.

Here I saw a great deal of poverty, and had to do with children who were not very bright because they were undernourished. I was at that time very young, and I became fired with a crusading spirit. I wanted to do something about the misery and unhappiness I saw all round me.

I always had a great sense of vocation and the feeling I had a job to do in life, and I had quite made up my mind that this was what my job was to be. Something else, however, was coming my way.

I had finished my exams, and gone home to rest. Dunfermline is a small country town built on hills. Up to the First World War it was the centre of the linen industry. Both the Queen, when she married, and Princess Elizabeth were given large chests of linen from Dunfermline.

It has a famous old abbey where the body of Robert Bruce is buried, and a lovely place, now in ruins, which was the home of the early kings of Scotland. Once it was the capital of Scotland. Charles I was born there, and the bed in which he was born is now part of a mantelpiece in a big place the Elgins have not far away, called Broomhall.

Broomhall is a square Georgian house, to the south looking on to the Forth; to the north one can see the lovely range of the Ochil Hills. It has a very large front hall, and round it are placed some of the Elgin marbles. It was old Lord Elgin who brought these over from Greece. As the family is directly descended from Robert Bruce, his sword and helmet also hang in the hall. Both the helmet and sword are enormous, as he was an outsize man.

One morning I had a letter from Lady Elgin, who knew I had finished my training and had heard I was home on long leave, asking me if I

would take her son Andrew, Lord Bruce, in history. He was a charming little boy of seven whom I already knew, and as I had nothing very definite to do when I wasn't studying myself, I took this on.

What influenced me greatly was that I loved walking, and this post was within walking distance of my home, about three miles through shady woods and paths among the farms belonging to Lord Elgin, with occasional glimpses of the Forth through the trees.

As I sat writing the letter accepting Lady Elgin's offer, I little dreamed that here was one of those turning points in life that we never do recognise when they first come along.

The Elgins were a charming family, very friendly and simple. Soon the three other Elgin children joined us—Lady Martha, Lady Jean, and the Honorable Jamie. Presently, I was running a small class at Broomhall, teaching other subjects besides history to four very nice children, and enjoying it thoroughly.

But I still thought of it as a temporary post, to tide me over until I could take up my real lifework.

The Elgins breakfasted early, about eight o'clock. I used to approach the french windows leading into the schoolroom to the strains of hymns and the tail end of family prayers, and I would wait in the garden tactfully until these were finished. The children used to peep through their fingers during their devotions to watch for my coming.

Friends and relations were always dropping in and would join us for the mid-morning break called "elevenses." The grown-ups had coffee and the children a large glass of lemonade, rock cakes, and jam, while the domestic staff and garden workers would retire at the same time to still-room and stable for bread and cheese and cake on their own.

Most large country houses have a stillroom. It is the housekeeper's domain, where all jams are made and stored, all fruit bottled, and light meals that need no cooking, like elevenses and afternoon tea, and after-dinner coffee, and so on, are prepared. It is really an extra pantry and storeroom. The linen is mended there, and peaches and other fruit are stored. It probably comes from the old days when things were brewed and home-made wines made.

Lady Rose Leveson-Gower (pronounced in our simple British fashion "Leushon Gore") came about this time to Rosyth with her husband, the admiral, who was stationed there. Rosyth is on the banks of the Forth and not far from Broomhall. I was asked if I would take their little girl,

Mary, for a short session every day.

So now in the good weather, which is not so infrequent in Scotland as some people suppose, I had a really fine day's walking. I would do the three miles to Admiralty House from Broomhall when I had finished my class there. Then when the day's work was over, walk home again.

It seemed to me then that this was just a pleasant interlude, a temporary arrangement to fill in the time between one course of study and the next.

I intended, as soon as my present outfit of pupils were ready for school,

to return to my first love, which was still child psychology. I spent my evenings reading and studying for this very happily. I was twenty-two. At twenty-two one has the illusion of there being lots of time.

Meanwhile, Fate was marching up on me in the way Fate has. One lovely morning I walked, as usual, through the gardens of Admiralty House for my session with Mary. The gardens were very charming. Terraces ran down to the River Forth, overlooking a bay called Margaret's Hope, after Margaret, sister of Edgar Atheling, the Saxon King. She married Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland.

The chroniclers say she was learned and pious, and a keen politician. She did a lot to bring English ways and customs up to Scotland, and it was here she is supposed first to have landed when she came north.

Lady Rose had said something in my hearing of visitors, but I had not paid much attention. There were always visitors coming and going, and we were seldom alone for our elevenses.

As I crossed the lawn I remember there came over me an eerie feeling that someone was watching me. It made me look up towards the house. There was a face at the window, and for the first time I met that long, cool, appraising stare I was later to come to know so well.

Lady Rose's sister, the pretty little Duchess of York, and her young husband, the Duke, were the visitors. I was introduced to them as usual, and we all ate our buns and drank our coffee before Mary and I went off to work.

I was quite enchanted, as people always were, by the little Duchess. She was petite, as her daughter Margaret is to-day. She had the nicest, easiest, most friendly of manners, and a merry laugh. It was impossible to feel shy in her presence.

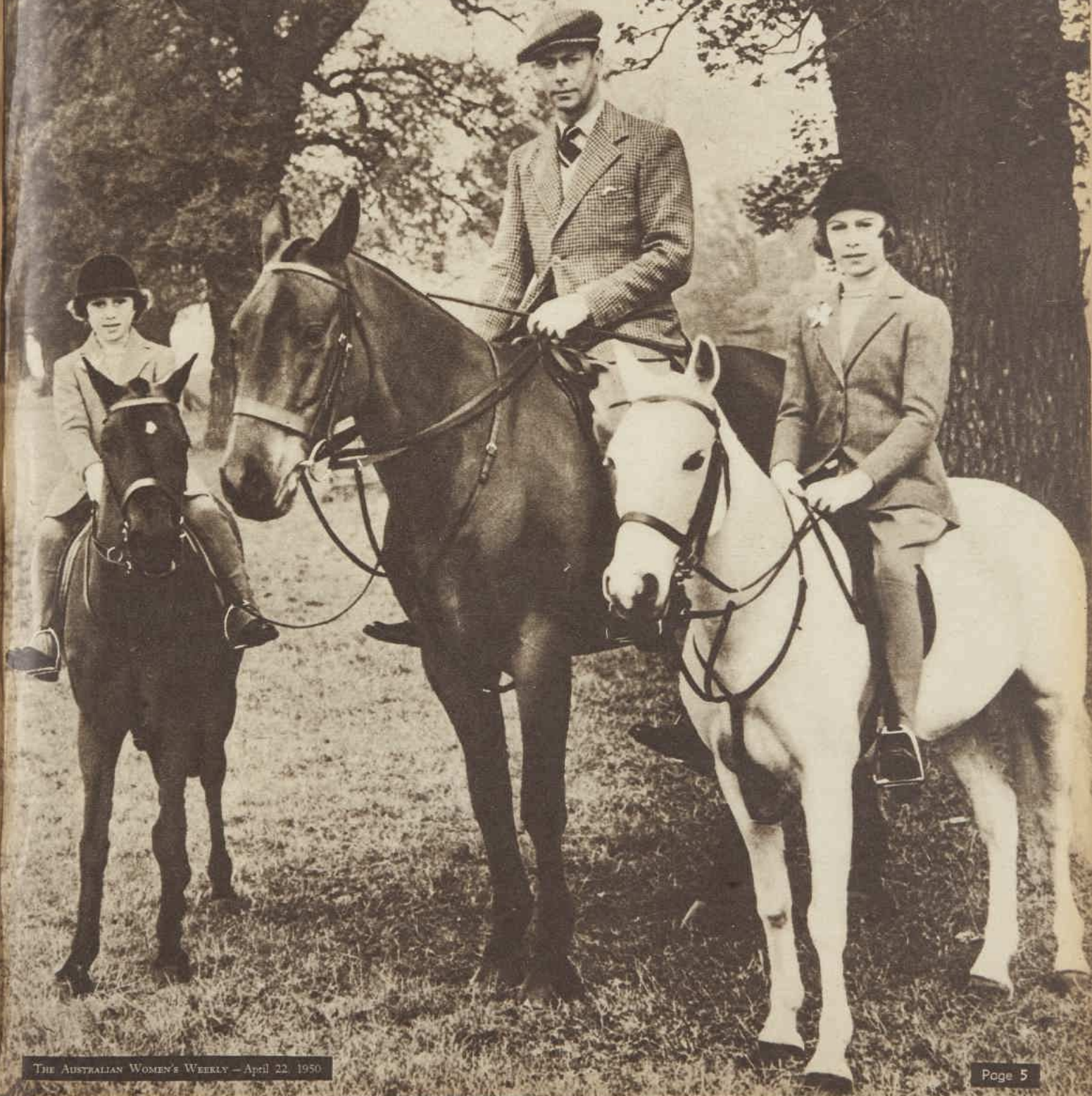
She wore agreeable casual old tweeds and sensible shoes. There was nothing alarmingly fashionable about her. Her hair was done in a way that suited her admirably, with a little fringe over her forehead.

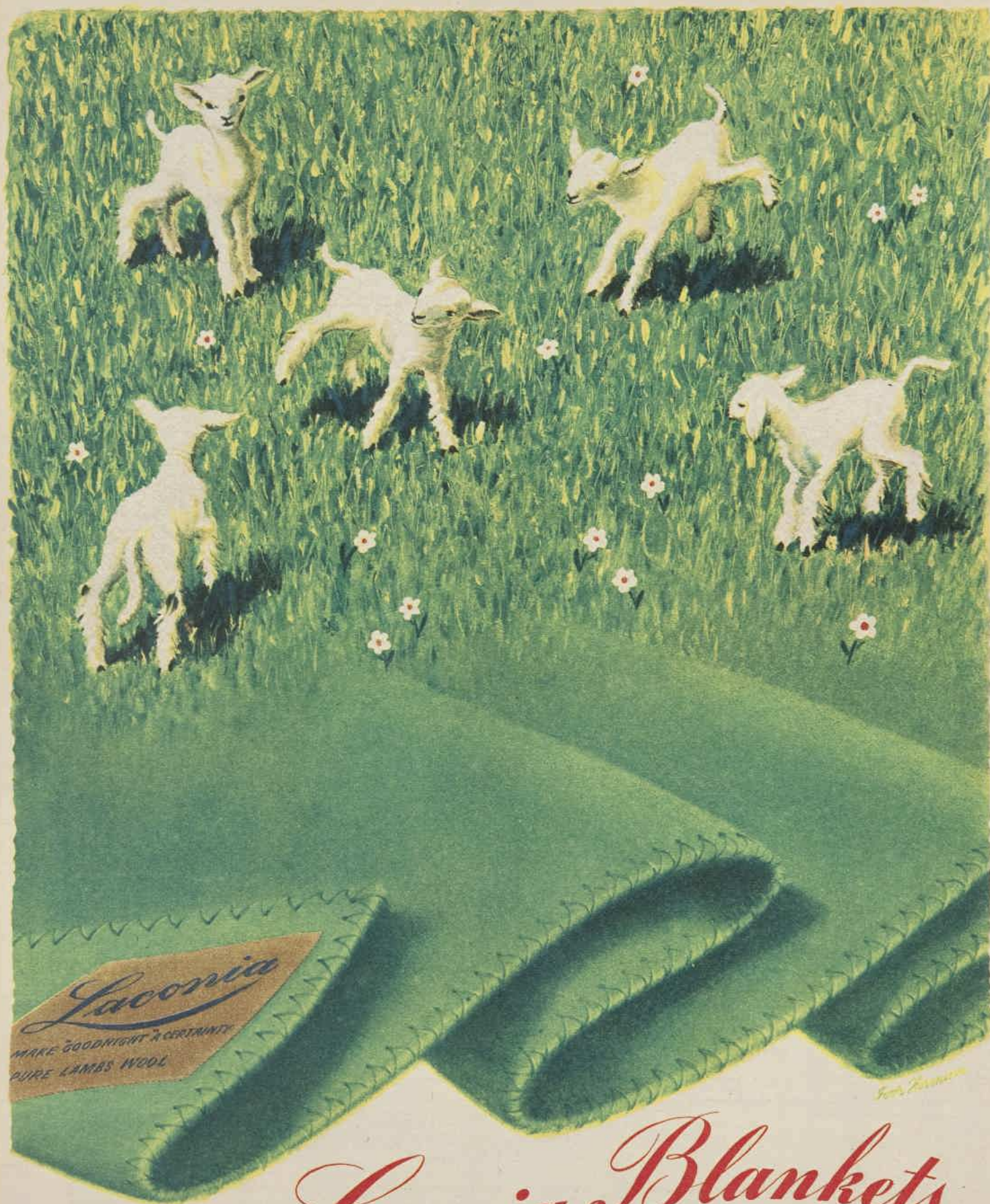
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HAPPY MOTHER, QUEEN ELIZABETH, then Duchess of York, with her two small daughters, Princesses Margaret Rose (left) and Elizabeth, in the garden of the Royal Lodge, Windsor.

● **LOVELY WINDSOR PARK**
made ideal setting for Princesses'
first rides with their father. When
this picture was first released a note
went with it to editors from the
King asking that under no circum-
stances should Margaret Rose
(left) be cut out of it.





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THEY MAKE GOODNIGHT A CERTAINTY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 22, 1950

Continuing . . .

The Little Princesses

from page 4

SHE sat on the window ledge. The blue of her jumper, I remember, exactly matched the sky behind her that morning and the blue of her eyes. I particularly noticed her lovely string of pearls. She did not wear earrings then. Her hands and feet were tiny. My whole impression was of someone small and quite perfect.

The Duke was extraordinarily handsome, but I recall thinking he did not look very strong. He was slight, and looked like a boy of eighteen, though he was considerably older than I.

He was also shy and completely natural, with the most charming smile I have ever seen. He spoke very slowly, hesitatingly.

It was obvious that they were devoted to each other and very much in love, and I remember thinking they looked just as a duke and a duchess ought to look, but often don't.

No word of any kind was said, nor any hint given me of what was coming. Two weeks later I had a letter from Lady Rose saying that the Duke and Duchess had talked the matter over and had decided to ask me to undertake the education of their daughters, Elizabeth and Margaret Rose.

They fully realised, Lady Rose wrote, that there might be some opposition to this arrangement in certain quarters because of my youth, but both the Duke and Duchess were anxious that the little girls should have someone with them young enough to enjoy playing games and running about with them.

The Duke, I gathered, had throughout his own childhood been hampered by somewhat immobile pastors and masters. He wanted someone energetic with his children, and had been impressed by the amount of walking I did!

It was this in the first instance that got me the offer of a job which, I suppose, every girl in England or Scotland would have given her eyes for. The only snag was that I did not want to be a resident governess anywhere, and most certainly not in Court circles.

I told Lady Rose that, if I accepted the post, it would mean I would not be able to go on with what I had intended to be my life's work—child psychology; but that it was a great honor and I should like some time to consider the matter.

In two weeks' time, I wrote to the Duchess saying how honored I was to have been asked to be responsible for Princess Elizabeth's education.



MARION CRAWFORD, the author, who was governess to the Princesses. A recent portrait.

and I suggested that I should take up the work for a trial period, during which I would be able to determine whether it would be easy for me to become reconciled to the idea of leaving Scotland and my intended career, and living permanently with other people.

The Duchess wrote me a charming, friendly little letter: "Why not come for a month and see how you like us and how we like you?"

That seemed a sensible arrangement. It was fixed that I would go to them at Royal Lodge, Windsor, just before Easter.

It is a long journey south from Scotland and I remember feeling distinctly apprehensive. I had led the quiet, open-air life of a Scottish girl. I knew nothing whatever about Court etiquette. I was a little scared, doubtful whether I was doing the right thing.

All the children I had had to do with at the Elgins' and the Leveson-Gowers' had been pleasant and amenable, and easy to deal with. It was a couple of very spoiled and difficult little people I somehow visualised as I travelled south, for already the papers had produced odd stories about these Royal children. I was more than convinced that my month's trial would end at the end of the month, and that I should soon be home again.

From the train I had my first glimpse of Windsor Castle. I saw it first in the gathering shadows of a spring twilight. It looms up suddenly, topping the whole countryside, a fantastic mass of turrets and battlements and towers. It is incredibly old.

The stone circuit wall was built by William the Conqueror in 1066. Henry III contributed the first complete round tower in 1272. Yet much of the stonework might have been built yesterday, so excellent is its state of repair. Under the castle there is a sinister labyrinth of dungeons, most with their own sinister stories, some with pathetic little scratches made on the walls by prisoners of other days.

Little I dreamed then how well I was to come to know the place, or how one day I, too, would be hidden away there, as securely and as secretly as any political prisoner waiting to be relieved of her head.

A tall, handsome, courteous young man met me on the steps of the front door of Royal Lodge. This was Ainslie, the butler, who was to become one of my fast friends. He is now steward at Buckingham Palace. His beautiful manners alone were enough to take him a very long way.

The Duke and Duchess, he told me, had had to go to London and would not be back until later. But Her Royal Highness had had special permission to sit up for me, so would



INFORMAL SNAPSHOT of the little Princesses Margaret (left) and Elizabeth taken by the King, then the Duke of York, on the steps of the Royal Lodge, Windsor.

I go straight up to the nurseries, as Mrs. Knight did not like the Princess to be kept up late.

Mrs. Knight was called by everyone Alah, probably a childish version of her Christian name which was Clara. She had been nanny to the Duchess and her brother David as babies.

She was a tall, noble-looking woman, born in Hertfordshire. She was not, like so many of the Royal attendants, a Scotswoman. She was what every good nurse ought to be—calm and kind, exuding that comfortable air of infallibility and security so necessary to the welfare of the young.

English nursery tradition is dying out now, along with other admirable institutions that have provided some of our finest citizens. The nursery was a world in miniature, a State within a State.

The head of the State was the nurse, usually called Nanny or Nana. It was into her kind arms that the latest baby was handed when the monthly nurse departed. It was she who had the entire upbringing and training of him until the cruel years when school came and he was torn from her, at eight.

She would have a younger woman, called a nursemaid, to help her and wait on her, who in turn would be training to be a nanny herself. In the more important households there would be a footman and a housemaid told off to wait on the nurseries as well.

The system was open to abuse when the nurse in charge was a tyrant, as she sometimes was. But mostly these were dedicated women as surely as nuns are. They had a real vocation, and it is impossible to convey to anyone who has not known it the comfort and serenity those old-fashioned nurseries had.

They would mostly be upstairs, shut off on the sunny side of the house. A fire usually burned behind a high wire fireguard on which baby

clothes would always be airing, and in front of which the latest baby was bathed.

There was always a rocking chair in which Nanny would rock sufferers from bumps or private sorrows back to serenity. She was always there, a shoulder to weep on, a bosom to fall asleep on. She would sit at evening in the rocker, the children around her on the hearthrug, mending or knitting and telling stories of "when Mummie was a little girl."

For nannies were handed on. When one family grew up she would go with them, and be a nanny to their babies.

When a family fell on evil days and all the rest had fled, Nanny often remained even when no wages could be paid her, one of the family, taking the rough with the smooth, inaugurating in a different and smaller place that atmosphere of comfort and warmth, and the smell of hot flannel and camphorated oil which those of us who remember those other days can never forget.

English "nannies"

THE matron of a small boys' school once told me that on the first nights of school terms most of her homesick little boys wept, not for mummie, but for their nanny. She was much more than a paid servant; she was their childhood.

Here and there about England these devoted women are still to be found, the sweet sound core of many a home. But they are dying out fast. This was another world shattered by the bombs!

Alah awaited me with that mixture of reserve and apprehension felt by all nannies when the governess is introduced.

I like to remember that in all my years at 145 Piccadilly, London, and later at Buckingham Palace, Alah and I remained good friends; and if on her side the neutrality was sometimes armed to the teeth, I was al-

ways very careful not to tread on her toes.

Alah had entire charge in those days of the children's out-of-school lives—their health, their baths, their manners, their clothes—while I had them from nine to six. She had to help her an undernurse and a nursemaid. These two girls are there still—Margaret MacDonald and Ruby MacDonald, two sisters who have become the personal maids and friends of two sisters.

The night nursery was decorated in pink and fawn, the Duchess' favorite color scheme.

A small figure with a mop of curls sat up in bed. She wore a nightie with a design of small pink roses on it. She had tied the cords of her dressing-gown to the knobs of the old-fashioned bed and was busy driving her team.

"This is Miss Crawford," said Alah.

The little girl said, "How do you do." She then gave me a long, comprehensive look I had seen once before, and went on, "Why have you no hair?"

I pulled off my hat to show her. "I have enough to go on with," I said. "It's an Eton crop."

She picked up her reins again. "Do you usually drive in bed?" I asked.

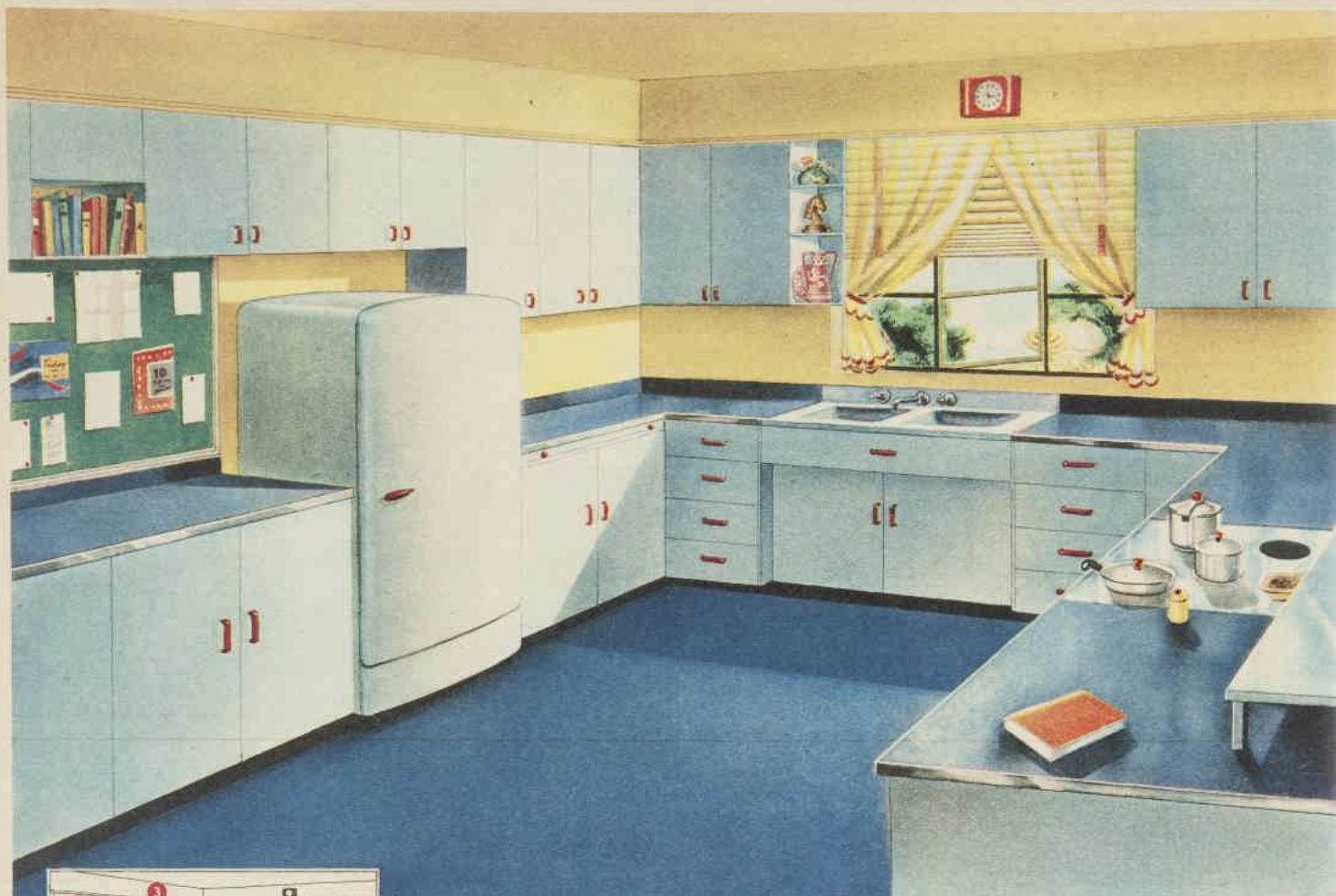
"I mostly go once or twice round the park before I go to sleep, you know," she said. "It exercises my horses." She navigated a dangerous and difficult corner, and went on, "Are you going to stay with us?"

"For a little while, anyway," I replied.

"Will you play with us to-morrow? Will you come to the Little House with us?" she asked, eagerly.

Alah had, by now, unhitched the team, and laid her flat. She allowed herself to be tucked away like a small doll. "Good night; see you to-morrow," she said to me.

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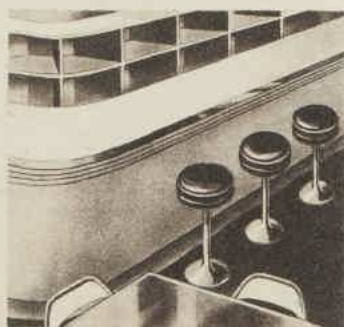


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MY Great-aunt Angeline ran away with a no-good actor, two days before her wedding to a good, kind, rich, handsome, respected young man.

Throughout my life, my family have discussed this, over cups of tea and glasses of Christmas port; in whispers when I was a child, in stage-whispers when I was a girl, and in whispers still when girlhood was passed—whether from habit or a sense of fitness, I have never been sure.

What had possessed Angeline? Angeline was a strong-minded, clear-headed girl, who knew what she wanted, which side her bread was buttered, and what the world was like.

Yet she left a good, kind, devoted, successful young man like George for... well, one didn't want to say anything against Alaric, but look at the life he led her: never two pennies to rub together, and dashing all over Africa and Australia and wildest Ireland on those terrible tours.

What had possessed Angeline, leaving poor George like that, practically at the altar, with the wedding the day after to-morrow? It was so completely unlike her. It was, in fact, so unlike her that George (hissed my relations in awe) must have done something really... really, my dear; if one but knew.

Nobody did know. Nor did anyone ever say right out, so I could hear them, what they believed to be George's unspeakable sin.

At this juncture, my family would glare at me, and piously lower their voices. My Great-aunt Jane would lean conspiratorially towards my Great-aunt Maud, so that I could not catch what she said. Then "No" my Great-aunt Maud would whisper, breathless and pale, "Not George! I can't believe that of George!"

And I was back at the beginning again.

My eleven-year-old self, pigtailed and scrawny, pictured George, like Jane Eyre's Mr. Rochester, possessed of a mad shut-up wife and so planning bigamy; at fifteen, less romantic since putting on fat, I leaned towards thought of city swindle; at twenty, fresh from my first forbidden cocktail, I pictured George a secret slave of the bottle.

Angeline, my relations maintained, would not have run off like that without good reason. George, therefore, must have committed some act, utterly shocking. Or else—presently conversational line had come full circle—why?

In the name of goodness, why?

I am probably the only member of the family who knows the answer to that question.

I know the unspeakable thing that George did.

This April, my Great-aunt Angeline and I took a walk.

Aunt Angeline lives alone (though not for want of sisterly asking) in an attic room at the top of a tall suburban house, with three cats—one white, one black, one Siamese; two chairs and a bead footstool; a many-ribbed guitar which Uncle Alaric once played; and an early Victorian sewing table rather like a christening font, on which the big fat book containing Uncle Alaric's press-cuttings rests.

This clutter, deplored by my family, has always seemed right, and indeed delightful, to me.

It is a small room and looks smaller because no single inch of wall-space is free of trophies; framed theatre programmes; a receipted tailor's bill dated 1903, around which Uncle Alaric has drawn in Indian ink a laurel wreath; photographs of Uncle Alaric as the Duke of Whathaveyou and Lord Tom Noddy; and snapshots of "the company," over-exuberantly laughing on railway platforms and ships' decks, and, the least tasteful of them, swinging from a moth-eaten property basket a lot of a female leg.

Mantel and window shelf are equally tight for space, with pottery presents from Connamarra and Weston-super-Mare, African assegais and Australian boomerangs, and a very large number of jugs, mugs, and goblets. Indeed, there is hardly room for the petals of the flowers, which always stand in these little vases, to fall when they do, they struggle for right of place with Great-aunt Angeline's cameo earrings, several safety pins, half a dozen unanswered letters, and the dust.

That day when I called on my Great-aunt Angeline, she said she wanted to walk. It would probably rain, I said. Aunt Angeline

THE ALMOND TREE



"Hey-ho, the wind and the rain," Alaric sang blithely, while the storm raged on—and so did Angeline.



said she still wanted to walk. Tea indoors—one can have that any day. But April sunshine—one must risk the rain.

Aunt Angeline skewered a large black hat on to her thistle-floss hair, wound a length of heliotrope tulle round her throat (which, as her face does not, would otherwise give away her age) and slung from her shoulders a cape of ancient seal skin.

Her blue eyes were bright and her smooth

pink skin flushed as we set off together down the road.

It was an exquisite day. A high, sharp wind drew goat's hair clouds across the sky; fitful sunlight listered the pavements with diamond chips; clean curtains waved from suddenly opened windows; little dogs chased each other, or nothing, or their tails. Aunt Angeline and I walked slowly and silently, sniffing the clear, bright, knife-edged air.

Suddenly, my Aunt Angeline stopped; drew in a sudden breath; released it on a sigh; and smiled.

Over the gate ahead bent an almond tree in full bloom, its outline lacy against the turquoise sky, and as we stood, and the quick wind blew, pale pink blossoms like rosy stars came floating down.

And into my mind, all jumbled up, rushed lines of poetry, "the winter is over and gone," and "since to look at things in bloom, fifty years is little room"; the Schumann almond tree song and the Van Gogh almond tree painting; and thoughts of the hawthorn's coming, and dog-roses, and scent of honeysuckle drifting towards me out of time.

My Great-aunt Angeline and I gazed at the almond tree, and glanced at each other, and turned to gaze at the almond tree again.

Once more the wind blew, shaking down over us a shower of pearly pearls. And, upon the palm of her still elegantly grey-kid-gloved hand, my Aunt Angeline caught and held a single flower.

She sighed again, she smiled again; on to her face came a look at once sad and gay, nostalgic and mischievous.

"All this time," she said, "and whenever I see an almond tree in blossom, I still think of George!"

In the year 1894, when my Great-aunt Angeline was twenty-three years old, she decided to get married. She decided first and looked for a husband after. She did not have to look very far before she saw George.

George was a city gentleman, doing so well for a young man, whose fine moustache gleamed only a little less silkily than his top hat, whose smallest of embryo paunches was crossed with a watch-chain of heaviest gold, on whose rich black broadcloth never a fleck of dust nor thread of fluff was allowed to remain, and who carried upon his arm, wet or fine (for one simply could not be sure of the weather), the most expensive umbrella to be seen in the length of Threadneedle Street.

My Great-aunt Angeline was not in love with George. That, she said, was what decided her. For love was such a very untidy emotion, and in those days she did hate mess.

My Great-aunt Angeline was a sensible young woman, of almost scientific turn of mind; she studied cause and effect. As youngest member of a family of six children, she had plenty of opportunity. Effect could be most meticulously observed, and the cause was always the same. It was love.

Consider, for instance, her favorite sister, June, married to a stick of a man on whom she lavished all the affection of a tender maternal heart—and men, my Aunt Angeline had observed, do not thank you; or her eldest brother, Willie, a born doctor, but married to Hettie Hardwicke, and so devoured by old Mr. Hardwicke's cornchandling business; or her sister, Gertrude, palpably pining for a married man, and so unlikely ever to marry at all.

And remember, in those days (Aunt Angeline said) an unmarried girl could choose from the choice careers of somebody's governess, or somebody else's poor relation.

My Great-aunt Angeline therefore looked round her, and saw George.

Immediately, George asked permission of Angeline's father to pay court to Angeline, and paid it assiduously and methodically, calling at The Willows on Tuesdays and Thursdays of alternate weeks, and on Saturday, with Rose or Maud or Gertrude for chaperon, taking Angeline for a walk.

If outings with George were not of a wild excitement, none lacked purpose. Precisely three walks were considered by George appropriate to respectably courting couples. One was down by the river to see the new water-works. One was out beyond Brigston Woods, where two local madmen had had laid out a course for a barbaric Scots game: golf.

The third was round about Brigston churchyard, where doubtless George hoped a suitably emotional frame of mind might be induced by the sight of so many stone angels, and the thought of the transience of life.

Please turn to page 40

TUSCOT



Robin Mond

the shoes with
a flair for fashion



FRINGE

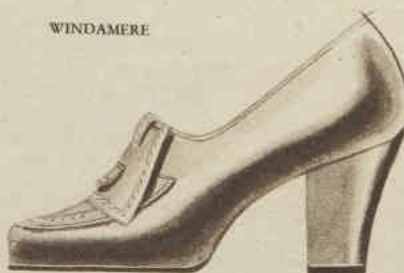


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● Wool dress, top left, by Jean Dessès, has a high stiffened zig-zag neckline, tightly fitted waist, and tight, straight skirt, with a stiffened double flare jutting from one side.

● Jeanne Lanvin makes the dress, top right, with a simple crossover bodice and smooth sleeves, then a tight skirt with a dramatic stiffened flared spiral overskirt jutting at angles from hip to mid-calf hemline.

● Jeanne Lafaurie's wool dress, at right, has a one-sided diagonal-closing bodice with one enormous rever only. The skirt has a one-sided jutting front peplum and a low, stiffened kick-flare on one side of the narrow skirt.

● Frock at centre right, by Jean Dessès, has a one-sided, diagonally buttoned-over front bodice with one folded rever that is not turned back. The narrow skirt has a tunic that flares out.

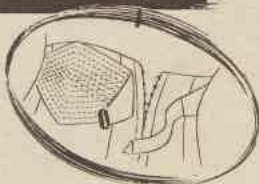
● Jean Dessès makes the frock, at far right, with a one-sided cowl-neckline, and on the opposite side a deeply pocketed cowl draped from the hip, with the skirt tapering to the hem.

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MIRANDA put a huge plate of bread and butter on the kitchen table and followed George out of the back door. Straw for the pigs, bread and butter for the children, meal for the hens—after next week she'd never need to think of them again.

Instead, she'd be back in her own world, in her own small luxurious flat, doing her own job. The efficient Miss Horton, buyer in the dress department of Rider's.

And she'd have some decent clothes again. She looked down at her shabby corduroy slacks, at her heavy shoes and thick stockings, and laughed.

"Joke?" George said.

"Nothing you'd understand." He tipped the bale of straw against the side of the shed and said quietly, "You don't give me credit for much imagination, do you?"

"Oh, George, I didn't mean to be nasty!"

"It's all right. Don't worry."

Remorse stabbed her. All this past month, since she'd known she was going away, she'd been horrid to George. And she hadn't meant to be. Only he never even hinted that he would miss her. And that hurt.

"Let's have a cigarette," she said. "And walk down the garden. It's the most exciting time of the year—early spring, when something new bursts into flower every day."

"You won't see many of them. You're going," he said. "And you're glad to go."

"Of course I am. I've done a job that isn't mine for two years."

"You've done it remarkably well," he interrupted.

"I've grumbled," she said.

"Well, you weren't used to four children and a dozen hens and a couple of pigs. I dare say anyone would have grumbled. And Philip isn't the easiest man to live with."

"No," she said. "Philip isn't easy. Nothing's been very easy, really."

Her thoughts swung back to the catastrophe of her elder sister's death, two years ago. Dorothy had died very suddenly, leaving her four children between fourteen and two.

Philip, still busy trying to build up again the solicitor's practice he'd left to go into the Army, was helpless and distraught. In despair he had turned to Miranda. And Miranda had left her job and her friends and her little flat in London and had come down to Nethercote to cope.

There had been no one else to do it. And for a time she'd thought that it was going to be beyond even her.

"Yes," she said, staring at a clump of daffodils, "it hasn't been easy. But without you for a neighbor, George, it would have been impossible!"

"Nonsense. You're a competent young woman. You'll always manage. I expect you'll make a good career for yourself."

"I hope so."

But her mind was on the past, not the future. On the thousand and one occasions when George had rescued her during the past two years.

He owned the farm near by, the farm which had been his father's and his grandfather's. He lived in the pleasant, ancient house alone, with a village woman to "do" for him. And to Miranda he was a great comfort.

Philip was away all day—and not very clever about practical things anyhow. It was George who mended fuses in Miranda's house, who went for the doctor when the baby fell and nearly bit her tongue in two, who repaired the hen-house door and the leaking water-barrel.

It was to George that Miranda turned in crises over the pigs and the poultry. It was George and his cart who fetched straw and meal and potatoes from the farm.

In hundreds of domestic emergencies it had been George who appeared at the kitchen door and said, "What's the trouble? Anything I can do?" But he was always so impersonal.

She said, a little bitterly, "I've told Ruth where to go for help if she needs it, George. You're a very present help in trouble. To anyone."

"Ruth will manage," George said. "She always has. It's a good thing for Philip that she's taken him on."

For Philip had married again, a week ago, the middle-aged sister of a neighboring farmer. And this was what had set Miranda free. As soon as they came back from their honeymoon she was leaving Nethercote.

In the spring sunshine she turned impulsively to George.

"It's the end of the chapter," she said. "And I think you might say you're sorry. We've had a lot of fun, one way and another."

He looked down at her, very straight and unsmiling.

"You want to get away," he said. "You're fed up with coping with a house and children. You're sick of the monotony of it. You're worn

"You don't like it here. You'll be happier back in the city," George said stiffly.

**Romance of a
career girl in
the country**

Everything

out with drudgery. You've said so constantly. No, I'm not sorry you're going. You'll be happier when you get what you want."

He turned abruptly and left her, walking very quickly across the garden and out of the gate.

"That's that," Miranda said aloud.

She stood for a moment with unfamiliar tears pricking her eyes. Because she was in love with George and had been for nearly two years.

And she'd thought he was in love with her. More than once she was sure that he'd been on the point of telling her so.

"Clearly I was mistaken," Miranda said to the daffodils. "Very much mistaken. He doesn't care a bit that I'm going away. Oh, well!"

Mercifully there were other things to think about. Lots of things. Her darling two-roomed flat for instance, which welcomed her back to easy living again. She had let it to a friend for two years, and the friend and looked after it beautifully.

The glass candlesticks on the mantelpiece twinkled at her in the firelight, the chintz chair-covers were newly cleaned, the carpet was soft under her feet. There were no noisy children clattering in from school, no animals to feed, no garden clamoring for attention.

And there was no George, either, lounging in the kitchen doorway while she made tea and told him her troubles.

"I will not think about him, the rude old hayseed," Miranda said.

Her job engrossed her. It wasn't easy to pick up the threads after two years, but she found it a challenging occupation.

And it was pleasant to be the smart Miss Horton again, with dark hair immaculately dressed, and smooth manicured hands, and a grey dress which was a dream of the day-after-to-morrow.

She chose that dress with immense care. It was deceptively plain and simple. The elegance lay in the cut, the details of belt and buttons, and the stiff taffeta petticoat which showed a discreet frill when she moved.

She bought a new coat too, and a handbag and shoes. The demure black bonnet, which topped everything off, topped off the last of her bank account too.

"But one must have something to

wear," she thought. "And I've lived in slacks and shabby skirts for two years."

It was a strange Miranda who stared back at her from the long glass in her bedroom. She'd forgotten that she could look like this; cool, poised, streamlined from head to foot. And she wondered, suddenly, what George would make of her now.

"Perhaps he'd really notice me," she thought. "After all, he's never seen me except at Nethercote, running around trying to do twenty things at once and looking as though I'd been feeding hens in the rain. I think I shall go back. Just once. For a week-end."

She waited for six weeks. Waited until her job was well in hand again, until she really was the efficient and chic Miss Horton, and not just a good piece of camouflage. Then she wrote to Philip and to George, packed a small suitcase, and caught the late Saturday afternoon train.

She'd laid her plans very carefully. She wanted to see George alone, and in her letter she asked him if he could possibly meet her at the station.

It would save bothering Philip, she explained, and perhaps they could have an early dinner at the Crown before going back to Nethercote. George replied—on a postcard—that it seemed a good idea.

Miranda wore the grey dress and a discreet amount of make-up. All the way down in the train her spirits rose. She had a queer feeling that she was going home.

And she had a distinct picture in her mind of George's face as it would look when he first saw her. Surprised—and then tender. And they would eat at the Crown, not noticing the food, staring at each other across the table . . .

George was waiting at the barrier. Apparently he didn't look at her at all. He took her case, said he'd ordered dinner and they might as well eat at once, and that her nephews and nieces were looking forward to seeing her. Very business-like was George's conversation.

Miranda said she was glad that everyone was well. All the sparkle went out of her. She felt tired, depressed, and more disappointed than she'd even been in her life. Also it was a poor dinner.



can be wonderful

"This food's not worth paying for," George said. "I'm sorry. I hope Ruth will make up for it tomorrow. You look as though you could use a square meal."

"What do you mean?"

"London air," George said. "Unhealthy."

"I'm very well, thank you."

"And how's the job?"

"Oh, it's great fun, George! Lovely to be back again doing something I really can do. And the flat's heaven, so quiet and peaceful. You must come and see it some time."

Pride stiffened her like a poker. He mustn't guess that she'd been homesick, that she couldn't get the thought of him out of her mind.

He mustn't suspect that her career wasn't as satisfying as she'd always thought it, or that loneliness waited in the flat for her when she came back to it in the evenings.

He didn't care, of course, whether she was lonely or not. But she meant to save her face anyway.

By ... Anne Vernon

"Yes," she went on brightly, "I really can't think how I stuck it down here all those years. Now that I'm back in London they seem like a bad dream. There's always something to do ..."

"I'm sure there is," he said dryly.

"And there are always people to talk to or go and see. Do come up some time, George. I'll have a party. Let me know."

"I shall be up in about six months' time," George said. "For the show."

"Not before then?" Miranda said. Across the table her eyes met his, provocative under the black velvet bonnet.

"You really should come," she said. "Come back with me tomorrow. Let your man carry on for you. Stay a couple of days at a hotel and we'll do a theatre. There's a friend of mine who can generally get me tickets. You've been buried down here long enough. It would do you good to have a fling."

"There's absolutely no point in my coming to London," George said. "I know you're having a wonderful

time. Just get on with it and let me be. I'll take it as read."

He called for the bill and led the way.

That night Miranda lay in bed and cried. Only now when there was no hope left did she realise just how much she'd been counting on this week-end.

She'd been so sure that her new dress and her new elegance would do something to George. And they hadn't. Not a thing. He hadn't even noticed them.

Sunday morning was just what it had always been.

"You go to church with Philip," Miranda said to Ruth. "I'll cook dinner."

"You can't cook in those clothes, my dear."

"I'll change them. I've got some old things upstairs."

The children ran in and out. "Are you making Yorkshire pudding?" they asked. "Can we beat the eggs? Is it apple pie? Can we have the left-overs to make jam tarts?"

Miranda said, "Yes. Yes. Of course."

Heavy-hearted and heavy-eyed from sleeplessness she moved automatically about the kitchen. She'd go back to London as soon as dinner was over, she thought.

There was an afternoon train. And it would be better not to see George again. Much better. No good tantalising oneself. No good playing with temptation.

She put the joint in the oven. And as she did so there was a scream in the garden.

"The pig's out!"

Miranda ran. All the children ran. This had happened before and been disastrous to the vegetable garden.

"Head him!" Miranda found herself shrieking. "Head him down the path!"

She leapt a flower-bed, fell, picked herself up covered with mud, and ran on. The pig was enjoying the excitement.

He made for the gooseberry bushes and was turned back, crashed through the dividing hedge, and cantered on to George's early lettuces. Miranda and the children followed.

"Hi!" George said.

"Sorry," Miranda said. "Head him towards the garage."

"Come along," George said.

"Head him towards the garage."

It was a breathless five minutes. But at the end of it the pig was cornered, the garage door was shut, and the children had been sent to fetch a halter to lead the culprit home.

George looked at Miranda. "You appear to have had a fall," he said. "Should I remove the mud from your forehead or do you like it that way?"

"I—I don't mind."

"My hanky's quite clean," he said gravely. "Allow me."

But she backed away abruptly, saying in a stifled voice. "I'll do it. Don't bother—"

"Don't be silly," George said.

He wiped her face and then kissed it.

"And now," he said. "You'd better go."

"But, George—"

"Go, bother you, go away! Or I won't be responsible for my actions."

"Don't be," Miranda whispered.

The children took a long time finding the halter. Long enough for Miranda, in George's arms, to say, "But you might have told me, darling! There have I been eating my heart out in London—"

"No you haven't. You've been enjoying yourself. Having a wonderful time. You said so."

"I couldn't say anything else. There's such a thing as pride. And you—you never tried to stop me going."

"You were fed up," George said. "You were sick of household chores and children and cooking and the country. And that's exactly what marriage to me will come to. Exactly."

"Nonsense," Miranda said. "I was only fed up because I was working in the wrong house. Oh, George can't you see that?"

"But yesterday, when you were in your war-paint, you said you loved London—" he began.

"Forget yesterday," Miranda said. "Yesterday doesn't count. I want to marry you, George, and cook your meals, and look after your children. I want to. Can't you believe me?"

"I'll try. If you really think—"

"I don't think. I know. Everything can be wonderful—provided you're doing it for the right man. And you're the right man for me."

This time he did not argue.

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PRINCESSES ELIZABETH AND MARGARET ROSE with their governess, Marion Crawford (right), and the Queen's lady-in-waiting, Lady Helen Graham, emerging from the underground after a ride in the train which was a special treat arranged by Crawford. They had afternoon tea at the Y.W.C.A., but the day was spoilt when they were recognised, and crowds began to gather. They had to return home by car.

Continuing . . .

The Little Princesses

[from page 7]

ROYAL LODGE was originally a shooting box built by George IV. The original part left is a large drawing-room, which is called the saloon, and an octagon room and the wine cellar underneath. It has been painted pink because the Queen had spent happy years of her childhood in a pink house and had kept a great affection for it. Royal Lodge is quite the most up-to-date of the Royal establishments. It was plain and simple, and might have been any country gentleman's home.

I had dinner alone on a tray in a pleasant sitting-room upholstered in chintz. To my horror, a large fire was burning there. After Scotland, the south seemed to be almost unbearably warm and close, and I could hardly breathe.

Upstairs a cheerful housemaid had done some of my unpacking for me. The schoolroom on the second floor looked out over the gardens, and the whole atmosphere of the comfortable, unpretentious pink house was home-like and informal. Some of my apprehension began to disappear.

The Duchess came in later that evening, wearing her going-out clothes still, just down from London, twenty-five miles away.

She had a sort of sheen or brightness about her. She was thirty-one, and her way of speaking was the easy, friendly one of any girl in her own home speaking to another girl who was far from home and might be a little homesick and needed to be put at her ease. She wore, as usual, blue, and I still thought her one of the loveliest people I had ever seen.

She had a gentle, kindly manner of looking at you. Her eyes were her most outstanding feature, very blue, very sympathetic, and she looked incredibly youthful. The old enchantment I had felt up north still held me. When she said, "I do hope you will be happy here, and like us," I replied, "I am sure I shall." And I meant every word of it.

Breakfast was brought to me in my room on my first morning at Royal Lodge. But before that I had been conscious of shrieks of laughter close at hand. An unholy din filled the air for some time. This I learned was the usual procedure. The little girls were having their morning session in their parents' room.

No matter how busy the day, how early the start that had to be made, each morning began with high jinks in the parents' bedroom. Both children had sweet, bell-like voices, pleasant to hear, and it was difficult not to join in the laughter, even at a distance. It was somewhere around ten o'clock before they went off to Alah.

From the time of my arrival, Lilibet came down to me. She had given herself this name when she found "Elizabeth" rather difficult to get round, and it had stuck to her ever since.

The first morning she showed me the Little House. The Little House was a present from the people of Wales. For many years it was the Princesses' favorite toy. It still stands in the grounds of Royal Lodge, a nicely matured garden now growing up round it. Waiting for its next tenant. Princess Elizabeth will probably have it moved one day to her country home for her own children.

Welsh thatchers

IT has its name neatly printed on the gate, "Y Bwthyn Bach," or The Little Thatched House. Welsh thatchers came up from time to time to attend to the roof. It is rethatched every three or four years.

Later it became impossible to get Welsh thatchers. The art has died out there. So English thatchers came. In England, each county has its own style of thatching.

The Little House was built to scale for children, and a bit on the small side for me. I could get round by going on my knees. There was one place on the landing where I could stand upright, all five feet seven of me.

The house is complete in every detail, with blue chintz curtains at diamond-paned windows which really open, with plumbing that works and lights that go on and off.

What especially enchanted me that first day was the small oil painting of the Duchess that hung over the little mantelshelf in the drawing-room.

It was done to scale by Miss Sybil Charlotte Williams, a Welsh artist, and it is one of the best likenesses I have seen of the Duchess as she

was then, with her sweet expression and lovely coloring, and the individual and, at that time, not fashionable, way she did her hair.

There was a radio that worked, an oak dresser with a complete outfit of china, decorated with buttercups, and an outfit of linen with the initial "E" and a crown. I opened a drawer and found an insurance policy such as must be carried by every prudent housewife. There was also a radio-set licence.

There was in the bookshelves a complete set of Beatrix Potter's books. One in Welsh!

The kitchen of the Little House had every possible utensil and cooking pot, and an outfit of stores of canned goods. All in miniature. There were brooms and pans, baking powder and flour, and there was even a miniature packet of Epsom salts!

I thought without any doubt someone came down from time to time to clean and dust and keep the place in order. But not a bit of it.

The little girls looked after it themselves, and probably learned in doing so more than any domestic-science school could have taught them. For which grateful thanks to the people of Wales.

The children copied, as children always will, what they saw around them. Lilibet was then rising six, but whenever we went to London she put away the blankets and linen and wrapped up the silver in newspaper "to prevent it getting tarnished, Crawford," as she told me some time later. The furniture was covered with dust sheets, just as the staff did in the main house when we went away. Children reflect what they see going on around them. This sense of order was, I found, very strong in the family of my new employers.

The Duke and the Duchess had their bedrooms on the ground floor. It was an odd arrangement, because you mostly go upstairs to bed, but they seemed to like it. The windows were fitted with grilles, and the house was full of burglar-proof gadgets.

The large bed in the Duchess' room had blue silk covers and lemon pleatings. The carpets are of the Queen's favorite color to this day—misty blue. There was a large, kidney-shaped dressing-table, glass-topped, everything on it kept beautifully tidy. The furniture and cupboards were all very simple and unadorned, of white apple wood. The only real luxury was that the cupboards lit up inside when you opened them.

Please turn to page 20



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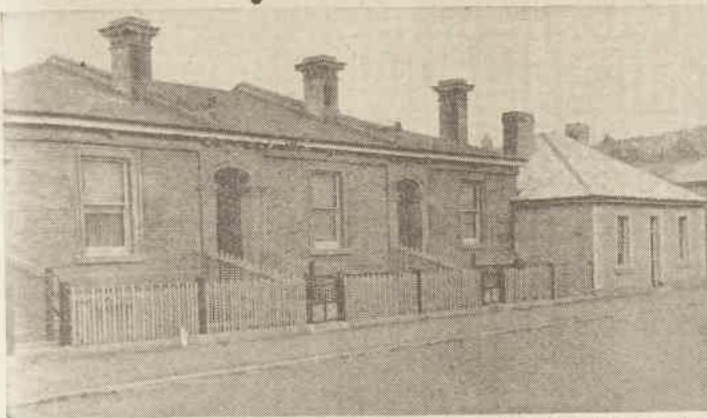
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AT ALL LEADING STORES

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Landlady in a million left houses to tenants



MISS EMILY SHORT, who died recently, left these houses in Warwick St., Hobart, to her tenants, whose rent has been only 25/- a week for years.



BRICK HOUSES in Adelaide Street, two of nine which are now the property of the tenants.

Good fortune was bolt from blue for nine Hobart families

From LYELL READ in Hobart

Because she "thought the world of her tenants and they had kept her for years," Miss Emily (Pearl) Short, who died at Hobart on March 25, at the age of about 60, left her entire property, including nine houses, to her tenants.

The amount of the "windfall" is not likely to be known for some months, but the properties—substantial dwellings in various parts of Hobart and suburbs—are valued conservatively at £14,000 at present-day prices.

STRICKEN with an incurable disease and knowing she had but a short time to live, Miss Short capped her energetic life of useful community service with this magnificent gesture which came like a "bolt from the blue" to all her tenants.

The knowledge of her intention was shared only by her solicitors and her closest friend, Mrs. A. P. Wilcox, a widow, who lives in New Town, a short distance from where Miss Short spent the last ten years of her life.

Tenants must share in the payment of probate duties not yet assessed, but in the meantime Miss Short's solicitors have advised them they need pay no more rent, although they will be responsible for rates, taxes, and insurance.

Miss Short was the only child of parents who made a success of orcharding in the famous Huon Valley in southern Tasmania. Selling their property, they lived in retirement in South Hobart.

On their deaths about eleven years ago, Miss Short invested in real estate and also bought a small brick

house in Fraser Street, New Town, where she took up residence.

"Although, up to ten months ago when she became very ill, Miss Short lived alone, she was so popular that she had numerous women friends," said Mrs. Wilcox. "She and I discussed our troubles as women will. She was so reliable that I knew nothing would ever be repeated."

"I thought the world of her. She was ever ready to help anyone with their troubles."

"She had the highest regard for her tenants, and they reciprocated the feeling. So much so that when illness prevented her from collecting the rents the tenants brought it to her house every fortnight."

"She was very clever with the needle," said Mrs. Wilcox, "and was a member of the Hobart Arts and Crafts Society. She made her own clothes, including costumes and gloves and even slippers. She grew most of her own vegetables and had a magnificent flower garden."

"She was so full of energy," Mrs. Wilcox continued, "that she had even started tuckpointing the front of her brick house."

"Miss Short was a member of the Red Cross Society during the second



NINE YEARS' TENANCY led to ownership of Warwick Street house for Mrs. G. C. Darling, photographed with two of the three Darling children—Gloria and Merle.

World War, and took an active part in sewing-bees. Up till three years ago, when she had a serious operation, she was a good tennis player," said Mrs. Wilcox. "Then she started playing croquet with me."

"She asked my advice about leaving her property to her tenants, and I approved the idea as I knew she had no one dependent on her. I told her it would be a great shock to the tenants, but a pleasant one. She said they had never caused her any trouble, and had kept her for many years."

"When I went to visit her, she told me, 'I have bad news for you. The doctor has given me only a month to live.'"

"I replied, 'It is God's will.' She went downhill and lasted only another five days."

Miss Short's tenants were sincerely affected by her death, and greatly touched about the legacies.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hale are tenants of one of the four conjoined houses in Warwick Street, Hobart, in the bequest. With them are living their two sons, two daughters (one married), son-in-law, and granddaughter.

They have occupied the house for about fourteen years.

"The shock gave me a cold in the head," said Mrs. Hale. "When the



SOLICITOR'S LETTER which brought news of his good fortune is read by Mr. G. C. Darling.

son and a daughter, and have occupied their house for 20 years.

Mrs. Gregory said she visited Miss Short a few days before her death.

"She told me she had just made a will, but she never gave me an inkling of how she had disposed of her properties," she said.

The fourth of the houses in Warwick Street is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. R. Headlam. They have five children, and have been tenants for 16 years.

Mr. M. Stevenson, who is a book-maker's clerk and lives with his wife and daughter in Adelaide Street, South Hobart, has been Miss Short's tenant about nine years, paying £2 2/- a week rent.

"When I heard of Miss Short's death my first reaction was, 'Well, I'll have to try and find another place to rent.' You can imagine my reaction when the letter and the news came like a bolt from the blue," Mr. Stevenson said.

"Ever since we have been here labor has been short for repair work. Miss Short provided all materials when repairs were necessary, and I was only too willing to carry them out, as I have always taken a pride in the house."

Mrs. Stevenson was equally excited over their good fortune.

"Don't let anyone ever tell me again that number thirteen is unlucky," she said. "April 3 is the thirteenth anniversary of our wedding, and the house is a wonderful present."

Mr. and Mrs. D. De Souza have been renting 67 Adelaide Street for about nine years. Mr. De Souza works for a builder. Mr. De Souza said his wife and he and their two daughters were very excited over the good fortune.

He and Mr. Stevenson had the same ideas about future "rent."

They said they would continue to pay it, but into their own banking accounts. The money would be handy for repairs and for a "rainy day."

Other houses left to tenants are situated in Brown Street and at the corner of Warwick and Hill Streets, Hobart.



HALE FAMILY in their Warwick Street home. Left to right: Kevin Hale, Mrs. H. A. Hale (at piano), Mr. Hale, Brian Hale, daughter Mrs. R. C. Oakes, holding daughter Lorraine, Mr. Oakes, and Val Hale.

letter came from the solicitors I thought it was an election advertisement for the State elections and I threw it aside.

"I did not open it until Mrs. G. C. Darling, living next door and one of the beneficiaries, came rushing in to tell me the good news."

Mr. Hale, who is a motor mechanic, said Miss Short was a landlady in a million. The four tenancies had remained the same for years, and each had been paying £1 5/- a week.

"It is as good as a win in a lottery," said Mr. Hale. "I had to read the letter about three times before I realised the good fortune."

Happy families

MR. and Mrs. G. C. Darling have three young children. They have been tenants for nine years.

"When Miss Short came to collect the rent," said Mrs. Darling, "she always used to sit and chat with me. Often she said she was lucky to have such good tenants, as they looked after the properties."

Mr. Darling is a storeman. He has visited the Antarctic on three occasions—1927, 1928, and 1929—as a winch driver on the whaling ship Nielsen Alonzo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Gregory have a

ANZAC DAY

IN war, men are tested almost beyond human endurance and the miracle is that so few are found wanting. War calls out the best in them.

In peace, when the stakes are no longer life and death, many find themselves incapable of the selflessness, the courage, and sacrifice they once rose to.

Perhaps that is why Anzac Day means so much to men who take part in its celebrations.

As they march, the greying, middle-aged men look back to the bleak dawn on Gallipoli and the muddy trenches of France.

Younger ones recall bomb-filled nights over Europe and the steaming jungles of the Pacific.

But their feelings are the same.

On that day they recall not the horrors of war, but the splendor it brought to the common man.

They remember the comrades missing from their ranks to whom death came in the finest hour. And they know that they, too, became part of something greater than their common selves.

It has been customary to couple these rich memories evoked by Anzac Day with resolutions that there shall be no more war.

But remembering the dead of World War I didn't prevent World War II, and the combined memory of both shows no signs of holding back the awesome flood that could be World War III.

Memory is evidently not enough. It will take as noble an effort to maintain the peace as it did to win it.

Mankind must learn to be as fine now as in those days to be remembered in next week's celebrations.

NELLIE BLY . . . She raced round the world

WHEN Nellie Bly burst upon the American newspaper world, during the 'eighties, as its first "front page woman" she did so with an assignment which involved pretended insanity and committal to an asylum.

The demure young girl, whose childhood had been handicapped by delicate health, was so anxious to become a presswoman that she pestered newspaper publisher Joseph Pulitzer until he gave her a trial assignment.

He sent her off to work on her own idea of feigning insanity and investigating a large American asylum.

She was barely 20 at the time, but, to get her story, she temporarily wrecked her appearance, went to live in a third-rate home for women and pretended madness so successfully that four physicians pronounced her insane and she was committed to Blackwell's Island.

She spent some little time in this "human rat-trap, easy to get into, impossible to get out of," before getting out to make the front page of Pulitzer's newspaper, "The World," with sensational stories.

She charged the nurses with terrible cruelty to demented, shrieking women, and told of the bitter cold, poor food, and filthy conditions of the asylum.

Of herself she wrote, "The more sanely I behaved, the crazier they believed me to be."

The New York public absorbed every word of her stories, and Nellie Bly had arrived in the journalistic world where, for the next thirty years, she was a dramatic figure.

Her revelations of the unfortunate plight of the insane roused officialdom to the extent of spending three million dollars on asylum improvements and changing the management of the asylum where she had been.

She became a crusader. She had herself arrested so that she could study prison life and reveal what should be done to help women prisoners; she posed as a beggar, worked anonymously in various humble occupations, and spent weeks campaigning against and catching handsome "mashers" who were not doing any good to the young beauties they met in New York's Central Park.

Nellie's real name was Elizabeth Cochrane, but, at the outset of her career, she adopted the pseudonym of Nellie Bly on the suggestion of an editor who liked Stephen Foster's song.

She was born on May 3, 1867, in Cochrane Mills, Pennsylvania, a small town founded by her father, a judge.

The death of her father, a sup-

FAMOUS WOMEN

posedly wealthy man, left her and her mother penniless, so Nellie set out to seek a living in Pittsburgh. With her mind on the newspaper world she wrote a letter to the "Pittsburgh Dispatch" in reply to an article it had published entitled "What Girls Are Good For."

Her letter was not printed, but she was asked by the editor to write a story for the Sunday edition on the same subject. She was paid for it, so immediately wrote another story on divorce.

She was paid for this, too, and from that time on she continued writing so successfully that her income rose to 25,000 dollars a year.

During her first months on the "Pittsburgh Dispatch" she was earning five dollars a week. She was very young and, on the surface, meek and shy.

She talked her editor into allowing her to tour Pittsburgh factories and workshops, and she wrote emotional, indignant articles about the conditions she found.

So, in 1887, Nellie Bly tried her luck in the New York Press world.

But New York publishers and editors, incredulous of the merits of a woman reporter, ignored her persistent efforts for a job for many months, until she finally crashed the inner sanctum of "The World" building and convinced shrewd Joseph Pulitzer that her many ideas for "stunt" stories would make good

"Front page girl" whose exploits were sensation in New York of the 'eighties

headline news.

She quickly proved her ability with the asylum assignment. She went all out for reform, and New York health and welfare officers declared her help invaluable in revealing the need for improvements.

When she was 22 Pulitzer gave her the most exciting assignment of her career. She was told, with only four days' notice, to see if she could emulate the dream of Phineas Fogg, the hero of Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days."

With a wardrobe comprising a boned and fitted blue plaid suit, a tropical costume of camel's hair cloth, a heavy Scotch plaid ulster, a thin, waterproof coat, a toothbrush, a pair of comfortable shoes and changes of flannel underwear, she sailed on the Augusta Victoria from New York on November 14, 1889, to "run a race with Father Time round the world."

She carried a grip sack, a light, over-the-shoulder satchel, a bank book, and a twenty-four hour watch.

Her paper announced: "On four days' notice Miss Bly



NELLIE BLY in the outfit she wore for her trip round the world in 1889.

starts out with a gripsack for the longest journey known to mankind—she knows no such word as failure—circumnavigation of the globe. "The World" to-day undertakes the task of turning a dream into a reality."

To-day a trip round the world in 80 days would cause no sensation but in 1889 it was still in the realm of imaginative fiction, the field in which Jules Verne's books had gained such popularity.

But excitement worked up. The stories she sent through bubbled with gay comment on her travels, and these, with the aid of a circular chart published each day, which showed where she was, maintained public interest. The chart enabled the public to play a game, betting when she would reach each point.

She reported to her public that London was a "foggy city," and told them of her meeting with Jules Verne in Amiens, when he told her that he did not think she could better Phineas' dream.

By the time Nellie had galloped, sweated, and frozen her way half round the globe she was the talk of the English-speaking world.

New Yorkers particularly might just as well have been on the trip themselves, their excitement was so intense. They read that Nellie had eaten her Christmas dinner in the Temple of the Dead in Canton, had a stormy trip through the Yellow Sea, and dashed to Tokio to see the sights.

When she finally landed back in San Francisco she was a heroine. A special train rushed her across the country to New York, there were flags along the route, and crowds greeted her at every stop.

On January 25, 1890, after covering 24,899 miles, Nellie landed back in New York 72 days 6 hours and 11 minutes after she had left it.

She was greeted by a huge crowd,

a salute of 10 guns, and a cable from Jules Verne saying: "I never doubted the success of Nellie Bly. She has proved her intrepidity and courage. Hurrah for her and for the director of 'The World.' Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Nellie was famous. "The World" devoted its front page and most of the rest of the paper to her welcome home, songs were sung about her, her picture was distributed with the Sunday paper, and a racehorse was named after her.

"The World" chronicled her return in these dramatic words:

"It is finished. Sullen echoes of cannon across the grey waters of the bay and over the roofs and spires of three cities. The stagecoach days are ended, and the new age of lightning travel begun. And amid all the tumult walks the little lady, with just a foot of space between her and that madly joyous mob.

"She is carrying a little walking-stick in one hand and with the other waves her checkered little fore-and-aft travelling cap, and laughs merrily as her name is hoarsely shouted from innumerable throats. Tense faces stare from the long galleries that bend ominously beneath their awful load of humanity . . . but the little girl trips gaily along. The circuit of the globe is behind her. Time is put to blush. She has brushed away distance as if it were down. Oceans and continents she has traversed."

Nellie rested for a while after her triumph, but soon she was back on the job again.

She was still a "stunt" reporter, but some of her ideas did a lot of good for the community as well as producing good stories. She dressed and worked as a Salvation Army lass for some weeks in 1893, and the ten-column story she wrote brought a large amount of money from readers to help the Army.

She spent a night in a haunted house in the hope of meeting a ghost. She interviewed murderers, exposed evil-doers, fakes, and the miserable existence of decent people forced to live in the slums. Her writing was both smug and racy, and her paper could attribute a fair percentage of its circulation to her popularity with readers.

In 1895, when she was 28, she astonished her friends and public by marrying 72-year-old Robert L. Seaman, a rich manufacturer.

She was immediately tabbed a gold-digger, but Nellie was never a sensitive girl, and for the next 15 years she lived a life of luxury.

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CARNIVAL IN THE NEVER NEVER

ONCE a year Northern Territory cattlemen and their women-folk make a long trek across the Never Never.

At the same time, men and women of the East Kimberleys begin to move east.

They are all heading for a spot on the Negri River for a few days of celebration.

It is a carnival of horse racing, rodeo, barbecue, and parties. Among the regulars at the Negri is bearded Owen Cummins, whom legend holds to be Banjo Paterson's original Man From Snowy River.

Cecilia Senior, a roving Australian writer, tells the story of a Negri carnival meeting.

Her vivid story appears, with two pages of pictures, in the April issue of A.M.

A.M. is the magazine with fascinating features for both men and women. It is Australia's premier monthly.

The April issue is now on sale. Price 1/-.

By GUS

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY





ST. LEGER DAY. Mrs. Tom Egan, of Mudgee, with Mrs. L. R. Vincent, of Naracoorte, South Australia, and her sister, Mrs. Bill Bishop, of Scone, at Randwick, on Easter Saturday.



COUNTRY PUNTERS. Mrs. Alan Bragg, of Langrove, Cootamundra, with Mrs. Stewart Burt, of Wallendean, Cootamundra, came to the races together on Easter Saturday. Both matrons full of plans for Coota picnics, which will be held on May 3. Mr. Bragg is president of punsters.



SMART MATRONS. Mrs. Bruce Minell (left), Mrs. Gordon Wharton, and Mrs. John Bovill, at Cup Day at Randwick. Mrs. Minell wore black frock with interesting tassel trim and pink melusine hat trimmed with black veiling; Mrs. Wharton wore black skirt with caramel jacket; and Mrs. Bovill's frock was tucked navy serge.



EASTER ENGAGEMENT. Visacious Lois Bullieu and her fiancé, Geoffrey Abram, at buffet cocktail party given by Lois' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bullieu, of Tonga, Cassilis, in Cedar Room of Australia Hotel. Geoffrey is elder son of Rev. O. V. Abram and Mrs. Abram, of St. Jude's Rectory, Randwick.



FAMILY AFFAIR. Mrs. Douglas Bray (left), her father-in-law, Mr. "Boss" Bray, Mrs. Bray, and Mrs. Tom Bray at cocktail party at Australia Hotel, given by Mr. and Mrs. Bray, senior, during Easter festivities. Tom and Douglas members of N.S.W. team which won polo at Show.



CONCENTRATION on the ring events. Mrs. Strath Playfair and attractive young daughters, Wendy (left) and Sue, watch ring events at Royal Easter Show from councillors' stand.

Intimate Gossipings

NO doubt about the female being the stronger of the species. Easter Saturday at Randwick proved this when feminine punters wore heavy autumn and winter suitings even though the temperature was soaring in the eighties.

When a clear day dawned, they decided to don their new season's clothes, and, I suppose, hoped that a cool breeze would blow in the stand. However, Randwick let them down, and not so much as a gentle zephyr was noticed.

Should imagine that those who favor the hotbox and massage methods of keeping slim would be able to forgo their usual appointments for at least a week.

LOVELY suits were the keynote of good dressing, with accent on hats in soft jewel tonings. Hemlines crept jackets downwards in a variety of weaves from gabardines to worsteds, flannels, and even tweed. Gone were the full skirts—always so unflattering in heavy woollens—and these were replaced with a more classic line with buttons and concealed pleats. Feathers were still to the fore in the trimming stakes, but this season they had become more feminine and were fluffily little "question marks" of osprey and ducks' feathers rather than stiff quills.

Most popular choice were melusines and velours, which made the usual fur-felt look like a poor relation.



PRETTY COUNTRY GIRLS in town for the Royal Show, Thea Britten, of Tuncocoy, Moree (left); Ann Hays, of Llangollan, Narrabri; with Ted King, Garoka, Bingara; and Tony Capel, of Aran, Bingara, at Easter dinner-dance at Australia Hotel.

THE Pub has certainly reverted to all the glamor of the good old days, and Easter dinner-dance in Cedar Room is filled to overflowing with country folk and their city friends who foregather after the races and the numerous cocktail parties round the town to celebrate. Noticed the Arthur Cobcroft, from Herbert Park, Armidale; the Cecil Laus, from Rawilla, Cootamundra; the Alan Bragg, from Langrove, Cootamundra; Henry and Penelope Moses, from Gorrallie, Moree; the Tom Egan, from Mudgee; the Bob Simons, from Mordva; Frank Thompsons, from Muswellbrook; Rosemary Pearce, of Wellington, who commences nurse's training in Sydney; Llewellyn Sutor, of Brucevale, Bathurst. Evening passes all too swiftly for all guests.

AUSTRALIAN CLUB turned on its usual lavish luncheon at Randwick, where members took their guests to relax over cocktails and delicious snack before races. Chefs in tall, white caps and white aprons kept bringing on reinforcements of turkey, ham, aspics, lobster, salads, and choice of desserts for Club guests.

Feel that Australian Club members should petition for subway or some means of transport to get to Members' Stand, as it's no mean jostle getting backwards and forwards from one end of course to another.

EVERYBODY'S talking about the new Dungog polo team round town. That is the 1970 Dungog team. Easter week, three wives of members of present team, Mrs. John Allison, Mrs. Ken Mackay, and Mrs. Mick Hooke, all give birth to sons within matter of few days at Oonah Hospital, Dungog.

Mary and John name their son James Gordon; Phyl and Ken call theirs John Kenneth; and Mick and Nesta call theirs Charles Albert. Everyone missing Phyl and Ken round town this Easter, and it doesn't seem like a camp draft at the Show without Phyl competing.

LOTS of flowers and congratulations pouring in to St. Luke's for Mrs. Bertram Wright, the former Noreen Dangar, on her baby daughter, born on Easter Saturday.

POLO player Reg Farrell and attractive wife, Grace, tell me they're thinking of going back to the country life at Bringelly after a spell at Point Piper.

EASTER Sunday chosen by Nell and Alex Atwill for christening of their baby daughter, Helen Louise. Nell's other daughter, Caroline Edwards, celebrated birthday later in week, so she had own birthday cake and joined in the party, which was held at the Atwills' home at Vaucluse.

joyce

The Little Princesses

Continued from page 15

THE Duke's room always reminded me of a cabin on a ship. Wherever he was he managed to give that air to it. A blue-green draped bed, very hard-looking, a solid dressing-table that itself had a nautical air, and one bookcase were all the furniture he had in it in those days. Here, too, everything was laid out very precisely and neatly, as if for a parade inspection.

Later, when they were engulfed in Buckingham Palace with its marble and crystal, its plush and gilt, much the same atmosphere hung over their two rooms. The King's was always immaculately tidy and vaguely nautical, the Queen's always fragrant with flowers.

Lilibet and I started lessons at nine-thirty in the morning, when she had finished her breakfast with Alah in the nursery. I breakfasted in my sitting-room, alone. It looked out on to the garden. There are incredible numbers of rare birds at Royal Lodge. It is hard to believe it is only twenty-five miles from London. Later, we fixed up a bird bell and a bird table. The smaller birds would come and ring the bell to get the food out.

Though not yet six, Lilibet had commenced her riding lessons with Owen, the groom, and she liked me to come and watch her. Her first canter was a great day. I used to walk with the dogs, and it was very pretty to hear her small, bell-like voice through the trees talking to Owen about galls and girths.

I began to love the beauty of the peaceful daily life we had. Lunch was great fun. We four had this together. A special milk pudding always arrived for Lilibet. She used to eye it mournfully as it was borne in, refused by the Duke and Duchess, and by me, and firmly served to herself.

"It's good for you," said the Duchess.

"If it's so good for me, I think Crawfie ought to have some, too. It's good for her also," said Lilibet one day, eyeing me firmly. So the dish was handed back to me, and I had to take some, too.

Margaret came down at the end of the meal. It was a great delight to see her opening the door gently and pushing her small fat face round it.

The Duke always asked her what

she had had for lunch, and we had wonderful descriptions. She would hold out her hand and her father would put a spoonful of coffee sugar into it. Lilibet also had a great weakness for this, which was the good old-fashioned barley sugar known as "Rock of Ages."

The two little girls had their own way of dealing with their sugar. Margaret kept the whole lot in her small hot hand and pushed it into her mouth. Lilibet, however, carefully sorted hers out on the table, large and small pieces together, and then ate it very daintily and methodically.

It is interesting to note how the coffee-sugar habit hung on. Years later when both girls were quite big, and we were at Windsor Castle during the war, the coffee sugar would be ceremoniously handed to both the Princesses by the footman, and they would each take a handful though they never drank coffee.

The Royal Family even in those days did not have white tablecloths. They dined off a glass-topped table, with dinner mats, square, made of parchment. One set had birds and another set flowers painted on them.

Rare visit

ONE day I learned that King George V and Queen Mary were coming down to tea. This was quite an unusual occurrence.

The Royal Family visit one another very rarely and rarely all meet en masse unless there is a coronation, christening, wedding, or funeral in their midst. There is no dropping in and out on casual visits, or very little, though numerous notes are exchanged.

So this was quite an event. No one said anything to me about it, but I had a shrewd suspicion they were coming down to have a look at me. I sensed that Their Majesties had belonged to that circle who disapproved of my appointment and considered me much too young.

I mentioned this to the Duchess, who laughed and agreed. "There is an idea going round that someone older would have been a better choice, but the Duke and I don't think so. We want our children to have a happy childhood which they

can always look back on," she told me.

The ordeal drew nearer. I was not much good at curtsying in those days.

It is an acquired art, as one is apt to topple. There is nothing more beautiful than a curtsy that is gracefully done. It is an act of homage to the Sovereign and consists of bending the left knee and making a deep obeisance — preferably without a wobble — keeping the back straight and the head up. It takes practice. I went round the gardens practising assiduously to a British oak. Only later did I realise how suitable was my choice.

Afternoon came. The children remained indoors to welcome their grandparents. I expected they would all come out into the garden together, and that I would be ceremoniously presented to them.

Not a bit of it. Over the lawn by themselves came King George and Queen Mary, a truly imposing couple. The King was then in his late sixties, a most commanding figure. Queen Mary looked taller than he because she had such a magnificent carriage.

There was no one to introduce me. Queen Mary stopped, leaned on her ever-present folded silk umbrella, and said, "You are Miss Crawford."

I made my deepest curtsy, one to each of them, the King first. They looked me over with that long, now-becoming-familiar searching look. I remember I had an almost irresistible desire to say, "Please, will I do?"

Apparently I would. Queen Mary said nothing at all, but she smiled at me. King George grunted and prodded the ground with his stick. At first acquaintance he was rather disconcerting. He had a loud, booming voice, rather terrifying to children and young ladies who did not know him. After a moment he said:

"For goodness' sake, teach Margaret and Lilibet to write a decent hand, that's all I ask you. Not one of my children can write properly. They all do it exactly the same way."

And under his breath he said something that was probably what he thought of the way it was, but I did not catch what he said.

"I like a hand with some character in it," he said, and walked away.

They overawed me a little at the time. Later I was to have a very great love and affection for Queen Mary. There were many times when I went to her in trouble. She was always a rock of strength and wisdom to me, someone I could go to in moments of doubt and difficulty.

Margaret was an enchanting, doll-like child, still in the nursery. She was Alah's sole charge, and I saw little of her at first. She was the baby everyone loves at sight, but from the very beginning I had that feeling about Lilibet. She was special.

I had met many children of all sorts in my time, but never one with so much character at so young an age, and it was not long before I had made up my mind that should the job be offered to me permanently I would accept it.

It was my first experience with Royalty's economy in words, which I was to come to know so well. My month became five weeks, five weeks was rapidly turning into six, and still no word was said either of my staying or departing. In the end I went to the Duchess, who was a little surprised I had needed to ask. Both she and the Duke had thought I would somehow realise, without any unnecessary talk, that they thought I would do.

"But of course you must stay," she said, as if the whole affair had been settled long ago. Perhaps it is having people always on hand to attend to detail and staff work that engenders this rather vague frame of mind among Royalty that is often amusing, but occasionally disconcerting.

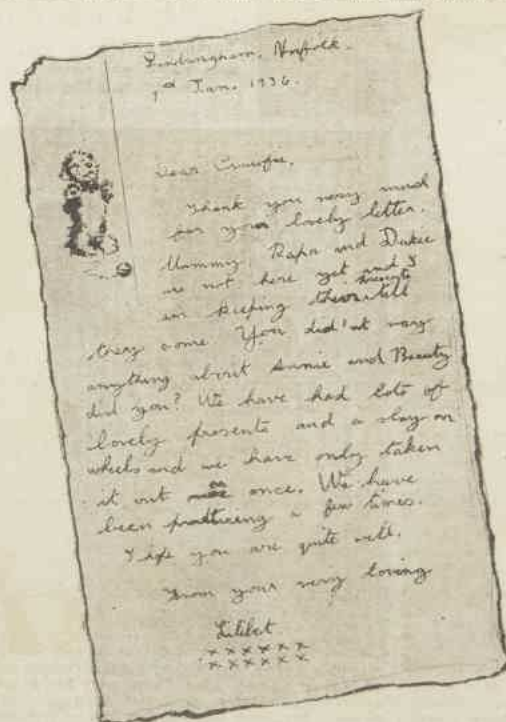
I told the Duchess I must go home first to set my own affairs in order,



They Stay Brighter Longer



Representative in Australia for The British Thomson-Houston Company Ltd., England



EARLY LETTER from Elizabeth. King George V requested Miss Crawford not to teach his granddaughters a copperplate handwriting.



THE PRINCESSES photographed with a few of the famous horses which they "groomed" and "watered" every day. They were still ranged in the corridor outside Elizabeth's bedroom on her wedding day. Anyone in doubt about a birthday or Christmas gift was always safe in adding another horse to the collection.

consult my mother, and pack my belongings. I reminded her that originally I had come down for only a month. The Duchess seemed surprised.

Back in Dunfermline I had to get together what was, for me, a trousseau of clothes suitable to my new life. This was quite a problem and a great expense, but, thanks to a wonderful mother who was clever with her needle, I went south again ready for any Royal occasion.

As it turned out, life at 145 Piccadilly was very quiet and the demands on my wardrobe were not so severe a strain as they were to become later, when the family moved to Buckingham Palace.

Then dress was to become a problem, and I had to spend most of my salary on clothes. One of my most successful evening frocks, I remember, was made out of some blue tapestry that had originally been intended for curtains in my bedroom at home.

In the autumn I returned to the Royal Family, a permanent member of the ducal household at 145 Piccadilly, London.

No. 145 was a tall, narrow London house, just beyond Hyde Park Corner, two doors from the house that once belonged to the Duke of Wellington. St. George's Hospital is almost opposite. Its lighted windows used to shine out at us all through the night. The house had an enclosed space, known as Hamilton Gardens, behind it. A gate led out from there into Hyde Park.

It was a homelike and unpretentious household I found myself in. It was a home the centre of which was undoubtedly the nurseries. They were on the top floor, comfortable sunny rooms that opened on to a landing beneath a big glass dome. Round the dome stood some thirty-odd toy horses on wheels.

"That's where we stable them," Lilibet explained, and she showed me that each horse there had its own saddle and bridle, which were kept immaculate and polished by the little girls themselves. Over the years the collection had accumulated, for when in doubt as to Christmas and birthday presents it was always safe to send another horse.

Stable routine was strictly observed. Each horse had its saddle removed nightly and was duly fed and watered.

The obsession for toy horses lasted unbroken until real horses became important some years later, and even then the old friends were not forgotten. They stood in a row along one of the corridors at Buckingham Palace, their grooming basket at the end of the row, for many a year.

One of Lilibet's favorite games that went on for years was to harness me with a pair of red reins that had bells on them, and off we would go, delivering groceries. I would be gently, patted, given my nose bag and jerked to a standstill, while Lilibet, at imaginary houses, delivered imaginary groceries and held long and intimate conversations with her make-believe customers.

Sometimes she would whisper to me, "Crawlie, you must pretend to be impatient. Paw the ground a bit." So I would paw. Frosty mornings were wonderful, for then my breath came in clouds, "just like a proper horse," said Lilibet contentedly.

Or she herself would be the horse, prancing round, sidling up to me, nosing in my pockets for sugar, making convincing little whinnying noises. Once I remarked to the King that this obsession for horses was surely rather remarkable. His Majesty said, "Think nothing of it. It is a family idiosyncrasy."

Besides the toy horses there were

to each other, or fondly addressing their horses.

It has often seemed to me since that in those days we lived in an ivory tower, removed from the real world. The Duke and Duchess were so young, and so much in love. They took great delight in each other and in their children. Looking back on it, it often seems to me as though while we were there the season was always spring.

The morning session in their parents' room began the day at about nine o'clock, as it continued to do right up to the morning of Princess Elizabeth's marriage. The children's bath hour and bedtime, again with the parents, ended the day. Nothing was ever allowed to stand in the way of these family sessions.

Lessons now began for Lilibet. She was rising six. I found she could already read; her mother had taught her, at five. She proved an immensely interesting child to teach, with a high intelligence, and from the start there was always about her a certain amenability, a reasonableness rare in anyone so very young. She was quick at picking anything up, and one never had to do a lot of explaining to her.

I found later on the same bright quickness of mind in Margaret, who knew the look of words and could recognise them by eye long before she could spell them or read properly, but she did not make so rapid progress as Lilibet and read much later.

As our first reader, we took Barrie's Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens, a book both children were very fond of. They also began to read the Children's Newspaper, an excellent little publication setting out current happenings in simple language. I believe it is delivered to them still.

They took to newspaper reading very early, like most children delighted in the comic strips, both English and American. Presently, when Lilibet was older, part of her daily lesson was reading The Times. But in the earlier days the horizon was rather blocked up "Pip, Squeak, and Wilfred," "Mur and Jeff" and "Li' Abner."

The children could not have been more simply dressed. They wore cotton frocks, mostly blue with a flower pattern, and little cardigan coats to match when it was cool. Blue of a certain misty shade was always the Duchess' favorite color, and it happened to be mine as well. More than once on coming down to lunch I found we were all dressed in the same color. After that I tactfully adopted brown.

Please turn to page 22



VONO SPRING BASE

The Vono Spring Base actually takes the weight from the mattress . . . cushions itself to the 'lie' of the body. It takes all the shocks . . . all the tosses and turns you make 'naturally' during a night's sleep. Note how the supporting underbars of the Vono Spring Base take care of the heaviest part of the body, but are not used under the head or feet. You can also buy a Vono Spring Base as a complete undersprung bedstead ready for use with any type of mattress.

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CC 21-12



IN THE ROYAL CARRIAGE at the Trooping of the Color the little Princesses are seen with their mother and grandmother, Queen Mary. Spectacles like this were always a delight to Elizabeth and Margaret Rose.

The Little Princesses

LILIBET had a passion for cherry-red and was particularly attached to a red coat. Margaret was still a baby of two, but rather wistful about it. For a time she was kept back, and this led to a rumor going around that there was something wrong with her. One school of thought had it that she was deaf and dumb, a notion not without its humor to those who knew her.

I fancy Alah was to blame for this. Alah, like all fond nannies, longed to keep one baby in the nursery and, as no new one was forthcoming, clung on to Margaret so that the long-suffering child was penned in a pram long after she was pined to run about with us in the gardens, and was fed by hand when in reality she had done with such childish things.

I don't think Alah ever quite approved of the simple lives the little girls led or their almost severe wardrobes. She was a great deal more regal than her youthful master and mistress; and to her way of thinking little princesses should be little princesses always. Even in their baths.

She never quite approved of their plain tweed coats, business-like berets and stout walking shoes. Only at their rare parties did Alah come into her own and produce two dear little figures like dolls, all organic frills and ribbons and bows.

The little girls had each a necklace of coral and real pearls made from a string of their mother's broken up

Continued from page 21

for them. These they wore for parties and they were very proud of them. Otherwise they had no jewellery except toy brooches and beads strung by themselves.

Margaret took a warm interest in her toilettes from an early age. I remember I used to tease her later on and tell her I was sure that the first thing she did when she was old enough to sit up was to tie a bow in her hair.

Lilibet never cared a fig. She wore what she was told without argument, apart from a certain long drab macintosh, which she loathed. She was never happier than when she was thoroughly busy and rather grubby.

Until I came she had never been allowed to get dirty. Life had consisted of drives in the park, or quiet ladylike games in Hamilton Gardens, keeping to the paths; or leisurely drives around London in an open victoria, waving graciously to people when Alah told her to do so.

Lively games

I STARTED a few innovations. We played Red Indians among the shrubberies. London bushes make fine cover for ambushes, but they are extremely mitty. We ran a horse market with their assorted needs. We played hide-and-seek, and sardines—a form of hide-and-seek in which you do not catch your man, but creep in beside him when you have found him. The next person who finds these two creeps in also until there is only one discomfited tacker left, the loser.

When the original hiding place is a small one under a rhododendron bush, the resulting jam there resembles the inside of a tin of sardines.

Other residents in Hamilton Place had keys to the gardens. They came and went. The little girls had names for all of them. I was told of a Miss Woggs and a Mrs. Happy. I did not recognise for some little time that these were the names of their dogs. It was only when Lilibet pointed out a Mr. Schipperke to me that the truth dawned on me.

Mr. Schipperke's schipperke died one day and was buried in the garden. Lilibet was shattered by this, and wove a small wreath of poppies for the grave. It happened on Poppy Day.

So engrossed in their games were the children that they never noticed the faces so often lined up at the railings that gave on to the park, watching them. It was a thing that at first I found immensely trying. In time I, too, became hardened to these ever-present onlookers at every possible occasion, and came to notice them no more than the children did themselves.

From time to time elaborate toys

would arrive as presents. All kinds of people were apt to send the little girls things, but at this time no presents were ever accepted from people they did not know and the gifts would be packed up again and returned with a kind note.

The children much preferred simple and inexpensive things they got for themselves. I had a long table made, and Lilibet and I collected a large farm, buying most of the pieces at Woolworth's. She went through a phase of being very farm-minded, and at one time used to say that when she grew up she would marry a farmer. "I shall have lots of cows, horses, and children," she told me gravely.

There had been some little difficulty in deciding what the children were to call me. Lilibet was accustomed to call the various ladies-in-waiting by their christian names. She asked me mine, and announced she would call me Marion.

This did not seem to be particularly good for discipline, and I had not quite made up my mind what to do about it when the matter solved itself conveniently one day.

We were playing ball together, Lilibet and I, and she dropped catch after catch. After about six dropped balls she said suddenly, despairingly, "Oh, Crawfie!" Then she paused and looked at me, pleased with herself. "There!" she said. "That's what I'll call you."

So "Crawfie" it was and still is, to a great many other people now besides the children at the palace.

They were always good at names for both real and imaginary people, and it was difficult till you got to know them all to separate fancy from fact.

Margaret had an imaginary croom called Cousin Halifax of whom she made every use when she wanted to be tiresome. Nothing was Margaret's fault; Cousin Halifax was entirely to blame for ticks and moans and things forgotten. "I was busy with Cousin Halifax," she would say haughtily, watching me out of the corner of her eye to see if I looked like swallowing that excuse.

The Duke often came out and joined us in the gardens in the morning break. Sometimes he played hide-and-seek with us. He was the fastest runner I have ever known. I can still see him putting on an immense spurt round the statue of Byron, which stood in the gardens there and came in very handy for us as "home."

In those early days the Duke of York, with his boyish appearance and delicate look, was not considered to be a particularly important person in the family. He had no official position other than that of Royal Prince. He was generally helpful, ready to do anything his father, King George, wanted him to do. He



RIDING HER TRICYCLE for the first time. An early photograph of Princess Elizabeth.



WITH THEIR FAVORITE DOGS surrounding them, Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose were photographed by their father at the Royal Lodge, Windsor, in 1936, the year of the abdication.

opened barns and took his turn at inspections. His own pet interest was the Duke of York Camps which he inaugurated and attended every year, and greatly enjoyed.

These camps brought together public school boys and poor boys from the East End of London, and the Duke himself would go down every year and go under canvas with them, and sit round and sing camp-fire songs, many of them with actions which he would come back and teach to Lilibet and Margaret.

A great favorite was "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree." One year the camp was held at Abergeldie, which is close to Balmoral. The children loved that, as they were able to go to the camp each day and join in the fun.

The star turn of the family then was golden-haired, glamorous Uncle David, the apple of his mother's eye and England's future King.

It did not seem then even remotely likely that the Duke of York, the tall slim young man with the shy manner and the impediment in his speech which made him dislike publicity of any kind, would ever mean much to England. He was the domesticated one, the happily married one whose whole life revolved round his pretty wife and his delightful little girls.

As far as education was concerned, the Duke and Duchess reposed great confidence in me, leaving much to my judgment.

Later I came to feel this was a very great responsibility, and it worried me a lot. I was to find here a wonderful ally in Queen Mary, whose advice and suggestions were always immensely practical and helpful.

Presently Margaret clambered out of her pram with resolution, and there was nothing more Alah could do about it. No new baby had appeared—I sometimes thought this was a sorrow—and the pram was sadly put away where it remained in purdah for some years, together with the baby basket, the trimmed-up crib and the hoosh-midish.

"Hoosh-mi" is a pleasant word made up by Margaret for the nursery mixture of chopped meat, potato and gravy, all "hoosh-mied" up together and spoon-fed to its victim. Later the word was to become part of the schoolroom vocabulary, and a mixture of any kind was always known as a hoosh-mi.

Now, after finishing her lunch upstairs, Margaret would join us in the dining-room. She always went straight to her father's side, climbed up on his knee, and clamored for soda water, "Windy water," she called it. The Duke always made the same remark: "You can't like it!"

She would nod, and say, "Oh, yes I do. It crackles in my nose."

She wore cotton frocks with little pockets; in one there was always a handkerchief, usually with an embroidered hunting scene in the corner, and a tiny watch, with which she always pretended solemnly to tell the time.

As soon as Margaret came out to join us in our games in Hamilton Gardens, the rumor that she was either deaf or dumb died a natural death, for the air resounded with her pretty, clear little voice crying, "Wait for me, Lilibet. . . Wait for me!"

The little girls were good friends, though both had fiery tempers and from time to time would set about each other in the good old nursery fashion, no quarter given. Looking back on it now, it seems to me that Lilibet was perhaps an unusually good child, though when she did rebel against authority she did it in her own particularly determined and final manner.

There came in those early days to 145 a certain elderly "Mademoiselle" who taught French. Her methods were antiquated and consisted mainly in the writing out of endless columns of verbs. During these French lessons I used to play with Margaret in the drawing-room next door.

One day curious sounds emerged from the schoolroom. I went in to see what had happened. I found poor Mademoiselle shattered and transfixed with horror.

Lilibet, rebelling all of a sudden, and goaded by boredom to violent measures, had picked up the big ornamental silver inkpot and placed it, without any warning, upside down on her head. She sat there, with ink trickling down her face and slowly dyeing her golden curls blue.

I never really got to the bottom of what had happened. Mademoiselle was past explaining, and had to retire and drink water while I coped with what Alah had to say.

Queen Mary had said to me, "What a waste of time when you go away for holidays and the French lessons have to stop. They have the whole holidays and no language study at all. When I was a child I kept up my French and German, and had a certain amount of holiday work to do."

So their mother got Georgina Guerin, daughter of the Queen's former Mademoiselle, to come to the Princesses while I went on a holiday and promptly got flu—to the great distress of the Duchess, who graciously wrote me from Birkhall, Ballater, telling me how sorry she was to know of my illness and that I must not be in too big a hurry getting back.

Please turn to page 26



Your dentist will tell you...

"Some teeth are lost through decay... but **EVEN MORE** through gum troubles."



S.R. Toothpaste

does much more than help stop decay—

IT PROTECTS YOUR GUMS

It is not enough to use a toothpaste or powder that merely helps stop decay. Your gums must be protected too. S.R. Toothpaste is especially prepared both to help stop decay and protect your gums. S.R. contains Sodium Ricinoleate, an ingredient often used for the treatment of unhealthy gums. For sparkling teeth in firm healthy gums use S.R. Toothpaste.



CARES FOR GUMS, HELPS STOP DECAY... S.R. WORKS THE DOUBLE WAY

S.R. WORKS



The Lady Daphne Straight, charming English beauty, says, "Pond's Dry Skin Cream is really remarkable—so very rich and soft, yet never sticky."

If you are over 25 Beware of DRY SKIN

From about 25 on the natural oil that keeps skin soft gradually decreases. Even before 40—a woman may lose as much as 20% of this oil skin needs.

Replacement help is at your fingertips with new Pond's Dry Skin Cream! Three features make this new cream extra softening: 1. It is rich in lanolin, most like skin's own oil. 2. It is homogenized to soak in better. 3. It has a special emulsifier.

Arrests Dry Skin two ways
Lanolin-Softens by Night—Work plenty of Pond's new Dry Skin Cream over face, throat. Leave 5 to 15 minutes, or all night for extra softening.

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Only 1/6 Everywhere.



"Playing championship golf is a matter of skill and concentration plus plenty of hard work," says Ossie. "You need all those to get to the top—and you need to be really fit to stay there,



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It was just before six-thirty when Kenneth Symonds' car turned off the highway and, slowing to a snail's pace, swayed and jolted down the rocky, unmade track.

Ahead of him, across the road, the sun sent spears of light, setting the dust on fire and gilding the feathery foliage on either side.

Symonds looked deeply content, like a man who had left the business world thirty miles behind, and had a long week-end coming to him, without plans or responsibilities, without even a wife.

Leaning back in his seat, he ran a hand through his dark, straight-brushed hair, anticipating shower and shorts and the cool of the house and a whisky and soda.

His house was the first one dotted down on the hillside, about a quarter of a mile from the bus stop and the store. Mildred, his late wife, had bought it and made it what it was—dignified, reserved, a bit unfriendly like herself.

They had lived here for five years after their marriage, because of Mildred's health. The air was less relaxing than at harbor level. She had planted a garden of rare rock plants and orchids and exotic shrubs.

And then one day, three years ago, quite suddenly, she had died while spraying a Chinese apple with arsenic solution. But the garden was still coming along nicely, flowering in bold heartless bursts of color this settled early summer.

Kenneth only came down for the week-ends now. The emptiness of the house was his welcome, and not a bad one at that. Not to Kenneth.

In the departed Mildred's well-appointed kitchen it was quite a little hobby of his to mess about cooking, trying out complicated recipes. Flashed with triumph, and the left-overs of the wines that hadn't gone into the stews and sauces, he would go to the telephone and bid his friends round about to come over and help eat his latest achievement.

The car turned in at the white gates and purred down the avenue of cape lilacs. As it slid into the garage at the side of the house, Kenneth heard the telephone ringing. Ringing away empty inside.

The Case of Come-Hither Bend

Continued from page 3

He sat for a moment in the stationary car. Who would that be? Perhaps it would stop in a minute.

But it didn't. He got out, threw open the luggage-carrier and collected a suitcase and a score of parcels—week-end provisions, odds and ends.

The telephone was still ringing. Kenneth slammed the car shut, locked the garage and went, without haste, round under the front windows and up on to the porch.

The ringing went on patiently, pig-headedly, refusing to take no for an answer. Ping...ng...ping... The air inside was surprisingly cool—and musty.

He put down his parcels, crossed the hall into the sitting-room, and lifted the receiver in mid-shrill. "Hullo?... Oh. Oh, hullo, darling. Yes, that's so—just arrived—just opened the front door. Yes, grand. How are you, sweetheart?"

The voice at the other end had more to say than Kenneth. It went on talking for quite a while. At spaced intervals he threw in a yes, a no, an of course, darling—all agreeing, but his face showed no darling, no yes, no of course...

At last he said: "Yes. Well. Now listen—I will, of course I will. Right away. Yes, yes, I promise," and then: "This week-end? Wouldn't it be better—? Now don't be silly, pet, you know I do. Dying to. Of course it'll be wonderful. I only thought—I see... I see... All right, then, good-bye until later. So long, sweet."

Very slowly he put the receiver back, but he went on standing, one hand still on the instrument, the other softly tapping the black carved table. He looked like a man who had retreated half a mile inside himself and was having a none too pleasant conversation there with self Number Two.

One other person heard the telephone. Athol Boyd had heard the ringing of the bell, but at the same moment he had caught the sound of Kenneth's car coming down the avenue so he hadn't gone to answer it.

Standing in his room at the back with the door open on to the veran-

dah, he heard all that Kenneth said. Not that it amounted to much, not in words, but Athol was a student of what Kenneth was feeling. He had to be.

Six months ago Kenneth had gone on a business trip to America, and Athol had offered to come up here, and, in exchange for a room on the verandah, do a bit of caretaking and keep out squatters.

The thing was settled casually at a cocktail party at a friend's flat in town. It suited both of them well. Kenneth had even bought a couple of Athol's pictures. Athol was to stay till Kenneth came back. Kenneth had been back three months. Athol was still here.

Nothing was said, but sometimes Kenneth's manner seemed to suggest that he hadn't bargained for the squatter-repellent to turn into the squatter.

WHEN the telephone talk inside came to an end, Athol closed his door softly. His face was thoughtful, too. He crossed the room, drew out a picture from a pile of canvases stacked against the wall, and stood looking at it, his long, narrow head on one side, a rat's tail of hank fair hair over one eye, a cigarette attached to the corner of his mouth.

Then with turpentine rag and palette knife he wiped out all traces of the features on the canvas, of the bronze-gold hair and fleeting nymph-like glance over the shoulder.

The job done, he threw knife and rag back on the table. He murmured: "Pity. Nice piece of work. I'm..."

Hearing Kenneth go into the bathroom and turn on the taps, he stepped out on to the verandah, pulled his door shut, and made his way from the garden along the track to the Connells' house farther round the bend, just as he had done every Friday evening at this hour for the past six months.

Peter Connell opened the door into the studio and spoke to Elizabeth Rowan: "Go on, chuck it in, you've

done enough for to-day." His broad-shouldered figure filled the doorway, projecting into the room his aura of solid self-content.

She looked up at him with the blank stare of someone brought back from a distance.

"I have stopped. I was just thinking it over. I was wondering—" and her eyes went back to the half-finished picture.

"Very nice. Come on out," he said, without glancing at it. "I've taken drinks on to the verandah."

"Thanks, Peter, I'm just coming." How mug Peter could be, with his square shoulders, his square jaw, and his square, manly ways. "I didn't hear you arrive."

He said, "I just got in a few minutes ago."

"Oh? Hot in town?" She was still regarding the canvas.

He said dryly, "O.K. I'll get out."

But the interruption had jerked down a shutter between her and the picture she had been merged in.

He shut the door and went through the sitting-room on to the verandah.

Elizabeth took her brushes over to the bench and started to clean them. The late afternoon light flooding in the window gave her figure a brittleness and seemed to raise everything in the room behind her an inch or two from the floor—the day-bed with its pile of cushions, the easel, and the stool before it, the basket in the corner with crumpled papers overflowing.

Elizabeth herself was young enough for no light, however capacious, to be able to find fault with her. She looked younger than twenty-four because she was slender and not very tall. Her skin was pale and her hair a light silky fawn.

She looked almost fragile, but she could work all day, scrambling five miles over the hills to paint a waterfall, sit up half the night and never turn a hair. She looked unpractical but she wasn't. She knew where she was going, and she had made her life pretty much as she wanted it.

Until—

Please turn to page 28

OSSIE PICKWORTH

Australian Open and Professional
Golf Champion, says:

"We're a family of Horlicks drinkers at home. We agree it's the most nourishing of all food drinks."

too. I've proved that Horlicks gives me the nourishment, and that extra energy which makes all the difference."

The full, satisfying flavour of Horlicks comes from a careful blend of fresh, full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. It is Nature's flavour... that's why

you never tire of it.

Many people drink Horlicks because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink it to build them up... nourish the body and nerves... and to induce deep, refreshing sleep. Whatever the reason—everyone enjoys Horlicks. Equally delicious hot or cold.

Ask your storekeeper for **HORLICKS**

8-oz. tin 2/2 16-oz. tin 3/6

Prices slightly higher in country areas



Here you see Ossie Pickworth, with his wife Lorna and three children, enjoying their evening glass of Horlicks. "Just like Ossie," says Mrs. Pickworth, "I'm a great believer in Horlicks. It's Horlicks for all of us at home. We all agree it's the most delicious and nourishing food drink of all."

HAZEL



"You came home early."

BUTCH



"Auright, Butch, now that you know how an electric blanket feels, let the man get back into his bed."

It seems to me . . .

A FRIEND who travels to work by train tells me that the sewing season is ending in the railway compartments, thus reducing the risk of getting a needle in the eye.

It has been replaced by the knitting season, which has the comparatively small discomfort of a rhythmic elbow in the ribs.

The lassies who stitched away at traycloths, oblivious of the familiar flying scenery of rooftops and factory fences, are now embarked on sweaters and bedjackets.

Ferries, trains, trams, and buses run in that order for convenience of handwork by female passengers.

The recent outcry in Sydney over the substitution of buses on some tram-routes stemmed a good deal, I think, from the difficulty of focusing in the faster, bumpier buses.

Old gentlemen couldn't read their papers, and young ladies couldn't get on with their trousseaus.

A bus, however, is quite good for pea-shelling. Once it was considered a little eccentric to shell peas while travelling, but now, with so many wives working, the operation is quite common. Beans are rather too difficult, unless you carry bandages as well as a bean-cutter.



Dorothy Drain

It was reported in an account of dog judging at the Royal Show in Sydney that Mr. Percy Roberts, a judge from America, "showed a strong preference for younger dogs," and that many previous consistent winners failed.

An old dog (for a hard road) whom I interviewed later was extremely cross about the awards. "It's just what you'd expect from a country that makes such a fuss of teenagers," he said. "Young puppies, I call them."

I'VE been brooding a good deal on the little story I read in an English newspaper about a woman of 93 who has just retired after working 83 years in a Manchester factory which makes paper machine wire.

It's a record not likely to be emulated, since she evidently started work at ten, but you can't help wondering how you'd feel after 83 years, possibly working alongside your former co-workers' great-grandchildren.

I was once with an elderly woman journalist in a lift when she snapped to a man talking to the driver, "Hurry up, young man. We can't wait all day."

When the abashed gentleman left the lift I said in an awed voice, "Do you know that was the editor?"

"Oh, well," she said cheerfully, "I can't be expected to keep up with what happens to all these little boys when they grow up."

After 83 years, of course, the wonder of seeing two generations of messenger boys grow into managing directors would diminish.

You'd be adept, too, with a view to keeping your job, of the right way to treat new messengers. If you were wise you'd not harangue them about how much harder everyone worked in your time, and how terrible the young people were to-day.

A little kindness might pay long-range dividends.

WE can't all win the lottery, but luck strikes in other ways. I bought some eggs the week they went up to 3/11 a dozen. And what do you know? One had a double yolk!

By

A MAN after my own heart is Dr. Hakon Geert-Jorgensen, a Danish specialist, who says humans were never meant to stay awake from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m.

He says that factories instead of spending money on music would be better advised to provide facilities for staffs to take little naps in the day.

Europe appears to be more progressive-minded in this attitude to sleep than other countries. A report from Berlin states that a picture theatre owner has installed 30 special seats which, should the patron not like the picture, can be tilted back for sleeping.

This is a wonderful idea, and reminds me that television will be most useful for types like myself, who are noted for sleeping when paying an evening visit, and who won't be noticed while attention is centred on the screen.

If only employers listened to the Danish doctor, and did not expect one to keep awake when working, there would be no need to take these naps in other people's houses.

Some hostesses I fear do not regard this habit very highly. I don't think they mind the fact of my going to sleep so much.

What may irk them is that anyone who dozes at eight and is revived with a cup of tea at ten is apt to be unconscious of the passing of time and chatter on cheerfully until the last bus.

ACCORDING to the American magazine "Newsweek," Fred Allen will go on the National Broadcasting Company's television network next season "with a casual, relaxed variety programme."

After that I shouldn't be surprised to hear about the production of "a peppy, quick-fire oratorio."

AMONG suggestions made to cope with Sydney's power shortage for the winter was that the time of so many radio serials for children and adults — 5.30 to 6.30 — be changed, and the evening meal hour instead devoted to classical music.

Hark, the evening footsteps pound,
Thousands of 'em, homeward bound,
Pushing, scrambling, fighting, shoving,
On goes hall light, radio, oven;
Quick! Let's hurry,
Warm the curry,
As, with peck for wisely cheek,
Pa and kids push power to peak;
Out roar serials, blood and thunder,
Tales of derring do and plunder.
So evolves a master plan,
Better than a flouted ban:
Scotch the serials, give 'em Handel,
Keep at bay the blackout candle,
With Sibelius
(Makes Pa bedious);
Or, as comes the evening dark,
Works of Beethoven and Bach.
Man must eat, but must he listen?
Give him what he won't mind missin'.

No other cleaner
does this —
no, not one!

your hands never
touch DIRT!



Only the Hoover Cylinder Cleaner has the exclusive foot-operated Dirt Ejector. There's no dust bag to handle . . . your hands never touch dirt. Efficient, powerful, compact, the Hoover Cylinder Cleaner is supplied complete with accessories for all "above-the-floor" cleaning. Easiest terms available.

HOOVER CYLINDER CLEANER
NEW MODEL 402



You'll be
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The Little Princesses



IN SUMMER HATS AND FROCKS, the little sisters were photographed on the balcony of St. James' Palace. Elizabeth was always indifferent to what she wore, but Margaret Rose was passionately interested in clothes.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH with her riding instructor, Owen, for whom she had such a great admiration that the King, on being asked to make a decision on one occasion, is reported to have said testily: "Don't ask me. Ask Owen."

SHE also told me of a wonderful pick-me-up I was to be sure to take every morning at eleven o'clock. It was a well-beaten egg in a little coffee, port or sherry.

Margaret loved stories. She liked the same story over and over again, rather than a new one she did not know. She listened very intently and knew her favorites by heart. Her best favorite was "The Little Red Hen." She would stop me to correct me, "Crawlie, you haven't said—" It had to go exactly the same way every time.

But most of all they liked to look out the windows at evening's end, when the lights were lit in London streets, and the buses sailed by like galleons through the dusk.

We would wait for our two friends, the brewer's horses, and watch them stand, steaming a little, on cold nights. Two little girls would hold their breaths anxiously when the streets were slippery and it was not easy for the horses to get started again.

From our perch up there we could see the lighted windows of St. George's Hospital at Hyde Park Corner, and the tangle of traffic coming down Park Lane. Then I would tell them another kind of story about the life that went on in the outside world, of which they knew so little, and of my home in Scotland, and the animals that I, as a little girl, had had as pets. They wanted to know all manner of things.

"Had you a little brother, Crawlie? How many bedrooms have you in your house? Have you got a garden? Did you have a hoop?"

Lilibet loved best the stories about real people, and it was in this way I presented history to her, as the doings not of a lot of dusty lay figures of the past, but of real people with all their problems and bothers. She would listen with rapt attention.

Lilibet was a very neat child. She kept her books and all her belongings immaculately tidy. But though no one ever tried harder or persevered more painstakingly, she never was any good with her needles. This I always felt was a disappointment to her grandmother, that indefatigable knitter, Queen Mary.

Presently I began to take the children about. We started quietly, leaving Hamilton Gardens one day by the private gate and walking out into the park. No one paid any attention to us, so we went farther afield. The Serpentine, with its ducks and friendly birds and rowing boats and sea gulls, and we even got as far

Continued from page 23

as the Round Pond near Kensington Palace on more than one occasion and watched other children sailing toy yachts.

Other children always had an enormous fascination, like mystic beings from a different world, and the little girls used to smile shyly at those they liked the look of.

They would so have loved to speak to them and make friends, but this was never encouraged. I often have thought it a pity. The Dutch and Belgian Royal children walked about the streets in their countries as a matter of course.

Only once were we beleaguered by the Press. A persuasive young man recognised the children and wanted to take a picture. I knew that if this happened it would be the end of our unofficial outings, so I drove him off mercilessly.

We explored Hyde Park and the gardens in this unofficial way. The little girls loved it. The Duke and Duchess apparently approved, for they made no comment whatever. Alah, I know, thoroughly disapproved, but I think even she was beginning to realise she could not keep her darlings safely cloistered forever.

One day as we passed Hyde Park Corner people were streaming out of the Underground station. Lilibet said wisely, "Oh, dear, what fun it must be to ride in those trains." I thought, Why not? It seemed such a simple request. I asked the Duke about it that evening.

Ride in train

AS long as we had someone with us, neither of the children's parents objected in the least. So it was arranged that the house detective should accompany us at a discreet distance, and that the Duchess' lady-in-waiting, Lady Helen Graham, should also be one of this exciting party.

Anyone would have thought we were going on an expedition to the stately pleasure domes of Kukulcan rather than for a ride in an Underground train. The little girls bought their tickets out of their own purses. This was part of the fun. It always took them an immense time to get the money out and collect their change, and the whole business was solemn as an investiture.

Lilibet had a shilling a week pocket money until she was fourteen or fifteen. Mostly she just saved this up for the Christmas or summer holidays. Margaret did not get any pocket money at all at this time. She

never seemed to be very interested in it.

Even when they were quite grown up the King would pass a shilling along to them in church when the time came to put it in the plate. A pound note for himself and one for the Queen, and a shilling for each Princess. I provided my own.

From time to time, Alah would generously present Margaret with half a crown. This lasted her an immensely long time. They each had a little embroidered purse they kept in their handkerchief drawer.

The escalator to the Underground seemed a perilous trip. Margaret's hand tightened on mine, and she swallowed apprehensively.

Once safely on, down we sailed and caught our train. The little girls sat there very demurely, wide-eyed and enchanted, until suddenly at the far end of the same carriage we spotted our detective! He looked so very obviously a detective that people began to look round to try to discover what he was detecting. Mercifully, we arrived at Tottenham Court Road and got out before anyone had discovered the reason.

Our jaunt was to the Y.W.C.A. This had had to be planned ahead, but we still tried to keep it entirely unofficial, and few there knew who the children were.

We collected our own tea on trays with the rest of the clientele. Lilibet left her teapot behind. The lady in charge bawled out to her, "If you want it you must come and fetch it." Tea out of thick cups, other people's bread and butter, tea you paid for with money, these were wonderful treats.

That afternoon our fun was rather spoiled because someone recognised them, word went round, and crowds began to gather. I sent a hasty message from the office for a car to be sent from the Duke's garage, and we had to drive home.

I was at 145 Piccadilly for four years. Lilibet was now ten. She was a long, slender, very beautifully made child, with a mop of golden hair.

No two children had a simpler outlook on life. Early bed and very few treats or outings, and those of an extremely unsophisticated nature, were the common rule. They never went to the seaside yearly as most other English children do. They had one pantomime a year such as Cinderella, Little Red Ridinghood, or Mother Goose.

In those happy pre-war days, theatre managers always had a large box of chocolates in the Royal box.

IN BOOK FORM

MARION CRAWFORD'S story, "The Little Princesses," which is appearing each week in instalments in *The Australian Women's Weekly*, will later be published by Cassells in book form.

But the little girls' great ambition was to sit in the stalls or the dress circle.

They had to hang over the side of the Royal box to see properly. I can still see the Duke anxiously seizing his daughters' petticoats, afraid they would fall over altogether in their immense enthusiasm.

The children looked forward to these pantomimes for the remaining eleven months of the year. Margaret, at soon as she could talk at all, would re-enact most of the parts for her own education in a corner of the nursery.

They always went to the Horse Show at Olympia with their parents, after which the toy horses round the dome would be put through several weeks of intensive training. They seldom had other children to tea. It was a quiet and homelike life, the children seeing a great deal more of their parents than most London society children do.

We learned to dance early. Both the Duke and Duchess used to come in after lunch occasionally and join in. In winter we used to open all the communicating doors and play hide-and-seek over the whole house.

In those early years I saw very little of King George and Queen Mary. We always looked for their pictures in the newspapers, and Margaret used to lie on her tummy on the schoolroom floor and carefully pick them both out.

The Princess Royal (Aunt Mary, the Duke's sister) came now and again to tea, but not very often. She was an ultra-devoted mother and seldom left her two little boys.

The Prince of Wales ("Uncle David") was perhaps the most constant visitor. He was very fond of his brother, and he was devoted to Lilibet. He often took part in their after-noon games—snip and happy families. He gave Lilibet all the A. A. Milne books—"Winnie the Pooh"



ORIGINAL color drawing by Princess Elizabeth which adorns the cover of a blotter given as a Christmas gift to Miss Crawford.

and "When We Were Very Young." Both little girls knew most of the poems by heart, and, needless to say, their favorite one was "Changing the Guard at Buckingham Palace."

The Duke and Duchess rarely dined out. At evening, the happy bath hour over, the children bedded and the day's work done, they would sit one each side of the fireplace like any other young married couple, happy in each other, not requiring any outside diversion.

The Duke was astonishingly expert with a needle. He once made a dozen chair covers in petit point for Royal Lodge. I remember he got rather tired of filling in the back-ground, so I obliged and let him go on with the more amusing part of the design.

Rarely was there a dinner party. They were happiest alone. As in those days they had fewer social obligations, they were able to do as they wished. They seldom went to a cinema or a theatre.

The high spot of the day remained the bedtime hour. The children had their tea at five, and, contrary to the usual English custom, which ends

nursery meals there, except for a glass of milk and some biscuits, had quite a substantial supper just before bedtime. They always ended up with an apple while they sat up in bed.

After tea they joined their parents. Endless games of rummy and racing demon went on till six or half past, when Alah called for Margaret. Racing demon is a card game that must be played very quickly. The cards are laid out on the table and have to be snatched up, the one who gets all her cards first being the winner. This always entailed a good deal of scratching, rather in a way of honorable wounds received in battle.

When both children were in the bath, the Duke and Duchess would go upstairs to them. Hilarious sounds of splashing could be heard coming from the bathroom. Later, pillow fights in the bedroom would set Alah begging them not to get the children too excited. There was a weighing machine in the nursery, where weights and measures were ceremoniously noted down.

Then, arm in arm, the young parents would go downstairs, heated

and dishevelled and frequently rather damp, under the big dome with its circle of horses. The children called to them as they went until the final door closed. "Good-night, Mummy. Good-night, Papa."

After dinner, the Duke and Duchess would mostly sit by the fire and talk, or read. I dined in my own room, free to go out if I chose, or to have a friend to dinner with me in the schoolroom. The Duke and Duchess went up to bed about midnight. They were always called at eight in the morning.

Little did any of us dream then how one day, not so far distant, a bomb was to drop through that same glass dome and reduce the happy house to a heap of rubble.

It was, I believe, a worry to Queen Mary that the custom of family prayers, still upheld at the palace, was not kept at 45 Piccadilly. The Duke and Duchess had allowed this sometimes uncomfortable ceremony to lapse. But there was something about that house that was, in the best sense, deeply religious, though, perhaps, not entirely conventionally so.

The Duchess read her children Bible stories and taught them their collects and psalms as she herself had been taught them, in the old Scottish paraphrased version that we who come from north of the border find so much more beautiful because it is what we are accustomed to.

Here is an example:

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,

He makes me down to lie

In Pastures green, He'll lead His flock

The quiet waters by.

Please turn to page 32

SAN-BRAN

for good eating and good health!

Two spoonfuls of SAN-BRAN added to your morning cereal is more than just good eating. It's good for you, too—because it provides your system with the gentle-acting food bulk we all need to enjoy regular good health. Specially milled from the husk of the wheat grain, SAN-BRAN contains important mineral elements, too! Ask your grocer for SAN-BRAN to-day!



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IT MUST BE GOOD

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Successful Party

is only achieved through careful planning beforehand and that's where half the fun lies.

You'll find it ever so easy to follow the complete and helpful plans given in

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So, ensure the success of your plans by reading this Australian Women's Weekly publication—it's only

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Prove for yourself New Persil is better in 3 wonderful ways!

1 BETTER RESULTS

New Persil now washes whites whiter than ever before—it's the new "Persil-white"! Persil-washed coloureds are the brightest, richest you've ever seen!

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Simply sprinkle New Persil into the water—swish with the hand and those oxygen-charged suds are ready for work.

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New, easier-to-use Persil is ideal for your wash-up. Those busy suds get to work in a flash. New Persil dissolves grease—leaves dishes and glassware gleaming; knives, forks, spoons sparkling like new pins!

GET NEW BETTER-THAN-EVER PERSIL — See the EXTRA-DAZZLE in all your wash!



On everybody's lips!

THE FINISHING TOUCH that makes a lovely lady lovelier, is the smooth, clear-cut finish of Lounnay Lipstick. Its new, improved creamy texture is satin-smooth and truly indelible. Any of the eight glorious shades will dramatize the curves of your lips and point a highlight to the charm of your smile.



Lipstick, 6/-; Refill, 3/9; Compact & Creme Rouge, 3/9.

GUILD CHEMIST Lounnay Beauty Preparations are recommended by Guild Chemists throughout Australia.

Also featured by Cosmetic Sections of leading Department Stores

The Case of Come-Hither Bend

Continued from page 24

ELIZABETH left the studio and went out on to the verandah, an outdoor room beyond the living-room. Half verandah and half balcony it was. The house here was eight or ten feet higher than in front, standing on stilts on the rock plateau overlooking the valley and the miles of trees.

As she came through the french windows Peter was stooping over Brigid's chair handing her a drink. And Brigid had put up one hand to draw his head down to hers.

How pretty she was, Elizabeth thought, and how right for her skin was that elegantly plain white frock, and behind it the green and terracotta frieze of her potted garden.

Seeing the melting look in Brigid's eyes Elizabeth hesitated, feeling slightly out of the picture. She often felt that way now. Sharing a house with a friend wasn't so easy when her husband often spent most of the week in town and seven days of loving had to be crowded into two.

Peter stayed at his sister's flat when his work kept him tied. He made the best of two states—the married and the bachelor.

But it wasn't so easy for Elizabeth to make a move away from here, where she and Brigid had been together since before Peter had come on the map two years ago.

Peter stepped back to the table and poured her a drink.

She sank into the comfortable basket-chair and lifted the glass to her mouth. The ice bobbed against her lips, chilly and delicious.

The talk murmured along between the three, about Peter's work mostly. He was in broadcasting. Peter's work was always more important than other people's.

Brigid had been an artist once, but now she painted less and less. She was content to live through Peter's life, dreaming away the days at Come-hither Bend.

Peter leaned over to light Elizabeth's cigarette.

"Is Ted Framshaw coming up this week-end?"

Her long glinting lashes were lowered steadily to the cigarette tip.

"I don't know, I really couldn't say." Her tone added: And I care less. But that tone always lies. There's the emotion in it that tells of a lot of caring.

Brigid said quickly, "The cabbage moths have arrived. I'll have to start spraying."

On the verandah the pots and tubs of plants had recently been watered. Gloxinias, cyclamens, and begonias were shaking themselves free of the drops, and the steam was coming up in hot, earth-scented puffs from the wet plants and the wet boards. After the hot day the air was caressing.

Elizabeth leant back and tried to surrender herself to the beauty of it, but suddenly she realised that she was feeling keyed-up and tense. Why?

But why not? Hadn't she felt for some time that the complications between Enone McGrath and half a dozen others must lead to trouble?

There were footsteps in the room behind and Athol Boyd stepped through the doorway, bringing more color with his rust-red linen slacks and peacock-blue shirt.

"Salaam, sahita." Elizabeth started. "Athol, you frightened me! I thought you were the Angel of Doom!"

"How do you know I'm not?" He rested his hand on her shining, fawn head and his impudent face peered round into hers.

"Have a drink and set 'em up again," Peter said, and Athol took over at the iron table.

"What have you been doing all day?" Brigid asked in her inquiring voice.

"Me? Oh... I have been picking my cigarette butts out of the hydrangea tubs in the courtyard and kicking the crushed mulberries off the flags."

"Against Kenneth's arrival?"

"Exactly."

Peter said kindly, "You must be exhausted, old man. What's your union thinking of?"

Athol reached for Brigid's glass. "What are you all drinking?"

He mixed the drinks and handed them, poured a large whisky into his own glass, and sat down.

Peter asked, "By the way, Athol, when is the great day to be between Enone and Kenneth Symonds?"

The introduction of Enone McGrath's name was like a stone thrown into a pool, and at once eddies began to circle and mud to rise.

"Do you really think it will come off? Will he really be so mad?" Elizabeth pondered.

Brigid said, "It looks like it. Vio told me yesterday they're fixing it for next month."

"Is she quite the person to know the ins and outs of their romance?" Athol inquired. "The lady's aunt?"

Elizabeth said, "I must say it's pretty lucky for Vio. Since she snatched up Enone and brought her out here away from the bombs as a child of ten she's never put out a finger to check her."

"She knew better than to try," Brigid said. "I'd take a better man than Vio."

"And now, before the little per's twenty-one she's going to marry Kenneth—nice, rich, easy-going, twice her age." Elizabeth finished her drink; it didn't taste so good now—a shade bitter, flavored with this subject.

Please turn to page 30

"White Cloud"
PURE VEGETABLE SHORTENING

£2000 RECIPE COMPETITION is open!

Enter now in the first White Cloud recipe competition. Competition No. 1 provides prizes of £200, £100, and £50, (with 10 other prizes of £10 each) for the best recipes for biscuits and confections. Shown in this advertisement is a typical recipe for this competition, which closes on 31st May.

CONDITIONS—

1. Full name and address (including State) to be signed clearly on each page. Indicate on each page section in which recipe is to be entered. Use one side only.
2. All submitted recipes must include the use of WHITE CLOUD pure vegetable shortening.
3. Measurements to be given by accurate weight or level measurements (level cup, level spoon).
4. Ingredients to be listed accurately in the order in which they are used; directions for mixing and cooking must be clear, complete and concise.
5. If recipes are taken from books, magazines or newspapers, name of publication must be given.
6. All recipes submitted become the property of Vegetable Oils Pty. Ltd., who reserve the right to print or publish any of them.

BISCUITS & CONFECTIONS

In this competition, biscuits, small "cookies" and confectionery are all suitable for submission. Send in as many entries as you like, but post each separately.

1st Prize - £250
2nd " - £100
3rd " - £50
and 10 prizes of £10 each
THIS COMPETITION CLOSING 31st MAY

Enter NOW

SPECIMEN RECIPE

"BISCUITS AND CONFECTIONS"

FROSTED DELIGHTS

4 oz. WHITE CLOUD Vanilla
4 oz. sugar 2 cups plain flour
1 tbs. boiling milk 2 level tbs. baking powder
1 egg and 1 egg yolk 1 level tbs. salt

1. Cut WHITE CLOUD into a basin, add warmed sugar and boiling milk, and cream thoroughly.
2. Add eggs one at a time and vanilla, and mix well.
3. Sift flour, baking powder and salt, and add to creamed mixture.
4. Spread on to a tin about 10 1/2" x 7" prepared by lining with greased greaseproof paper.

5. Cover with meringue mixture and bake in moderate oven about 20 to 30 minutes. Cover with greaseproof paper if topping browns too quickly.
6. When nearly cold, cut into finger lengths.

MERINGUE TOPPING

1 egg white 1 cup cocoanut 1 cup brown sugar
1 Beat egg white stiffly, add brown sugar, and beat well
2. Fold in cocoanut.

HOW TO USE "WHITE CLOUD"

"White Cloud" is a pure vegetable shortening and cooking fat which can be used in all situations where a fat is required. Among its unusual uses, it can be added to creamed potatoes and when preparing your Competition Entry, experiment will show you many other new and fascinating ways to use this remarkable product.

When creaming with White Cloud, always add a little warm milk, and either grate or cut up into bits. This will make it easy to work and will also have the effect of making cakes and pastries keep moist and fresh longer.

White Cloud keeps almost indefinitely in any normal cool place. For wet frying, have sufficient White Cloud in the deep frying can to cover the foods to be fried, but do not fill the pan any more than two-thirds full.

For either wet or dry frying, wait until a faint blue flame rises from heated White Cloud before frying the food. Heat the White Cloud gradually.

When you have finished frying, allow the White Cloud to cool a little before turning into storage tin.

Post your entries to WHITE CLOUD, Box 64, P.O. Mascot, Sydney, N.S.W.

WORTH Reporting

TWO men whose names are household words in the Northern Territory, Dr. John Flynn (he was the original flying doctor) and the Rev. K. F. Partridge, patrol minister in Central Australia for the Australian Inland Mission, have, unknown to each other, long cherished the same ideal.

They thought old-timers of the outback should have somewhere to live when they need a rest or are too old to work. In launching an appeal in Adelaide for £15,000 to build an administrative block for the Inland Mission's Old Timers' Homes at Alice Springs, Dr. Flynn is realising a dream of 38 years' standing, and Mr. Partridge one of 34 years.

Old-timers will rent self-contained, one-man huts on the A.I.M.'s 25-acre settlement for 2/6 per week. Light, water, firewood, and vegetables will be supplied free. Any old-timer is eligible provided he has spent the greater part of his life in the outback.

When they become unable to do for themselves, they will be transferred to the administrative block where the husband and wife in charge will be able to look after them.

"During the war when such old-timers were sent by the Army from the Territory to the cities, many of them died," Mr. Partridge said. "They hate cities. That was when we realised it had become urgent to give them homes in a place where they would be happy."

The first hut is finished, and the material for the second—the gift of a Territory pastoralist—is ordered. "We won't have any trouble in raising the money," Mr. Partridge said. "Most of the huts will, we expect, be given as memorials to pioneer identities or by big holdings in whose honor they'll be named."

Pipes have already been laid for irrigation and it is planned to plant 1000 citrus trees. As well there will be cows and fowls, and any old-timer who wants to can interest himself in these.

Mr. Partridge first went into the Centre in 1916. Though he works from an Alice Springs headquarters, he described his home as being "under his hat." He calls the Australian Inland Mission "the church with its coat off."

THE other day, we got into conversation with a member of the police force of a country town whose job it is to accompany those undergoing a driving test. During the previous week cars he had been sitting in had touched two lamp posts, hung over the edge of a culvert, and nearly crashed into a stationary petrol wagon. Previously we had considered a driving test an ordeal only for the beginner, not for the instructor.



"I think we've seen enough for the evening. I'll turn it off right here and we'll have some drinks, O.K.?"



"I love you, Grandma. You spoil me."

WE recently heard one lady of Edwardian vintage remarking sagely to another, "Don't try to persuade me that vitamins are important. When I've seen one, I'll believe it!"

Didn't know the gun was loaded

THE recent bushfires that burnt for five days through the Adelaide hills, leaving behind them a 2500-acre scar of burnt timber, produced the usual crop of "saved" stories. The best relates to a caravan on a block being cleared in the valley.

Chief of the official fire-fighters, Mr. Stan Hampton, deputy supervisor of the Crafer's district of the Stirling Council, and his men were driven out of the main fire area by the intense heat. They saw the caravan right in the line of fire.

Quickly they burnt a fire-break. It scorched the caravan's paint and—they found later—melted the electricity installation inside. The only thing it didn't do was set off the detonators and packets of gelignite left there by the owner, who intended to use them in clearing the property.

DISH carrying with a difference is the keynote of a smartly lettered appeal for staff in the window of a well-known Melbourne restaurant. It inquires: "Who would like to work in a lovely air-conditioned place amid lovely flowers, serving lovely food and dainty meals to charming and appreciative diners? Healthy and delicious food provided and good wages."

"A good book in bed" won't be the same

THIS will be the last winter that many will know the pleasure of snuggling into bed to read, their feet on a faintly rubber-smelling hot-water bottle.

Scientists in the United States have been engaged in experiments to give rubber a better odor. The perfumes resulting are expected to increase sales appeal of a wide variety of products from rubberised clothing to toys.

Technicians report that creating the right aromatic for so many kinds of rubber was a difficult task.

Merely drowning the smell of rubber with perfume was not sufficient. The original odor had to be used as a basis for a new scent.

Doubtless the march of progress cannot be impeded. But we cannot help having nostalgic thoughts for winter nights when the friendly rubber smell of our hot-water bottles seemed to sum up all the comfort of this world.

You buy your roast in a packet here

THOUGH all his life Peter Fountain has followed the somewhat prosaic calling of a butcher, he has the soul of an artist. This led him some years ago to have a wall built in his Double Bay, N.S.W., shop, cutting off from customers' gaze the less pleasant aspects of butchering.

Looking at an American magazine a year ago, he saw an advertisement for a self-service butchery with all meats glamorously packaged in cellophane and not a carcass in sight.

Tearing the advertisement out, Peter proceeded to have portion of his Double Bay shop (he owns three others) made to look at exactly like the one illustrated as possible.

Now, of the 700 people who enter the shop each day, 200 of them make straight for the pre-packaged self-service section, choose their chops, roast, veal steaks, or seasoned shoulder of lamb from those packaged, labelled, and priced, and are out the door while more old-fashioned shoppers are still discussing cuts with the butcher.

The two salesgirls at the pre-packaged counter sell in a day as much meat as three butchers cutting to order. "Pre-packaged self-service has come to stay," Mr. Fountain said enthusiastically. "In America in the past twelve months two thousand butcher shops have changed to this method."

SEAWEED meal for cattle now imported into Britain from Mexico, Eire, and Scandinavia at £100 a ton is to be manufactured at Nairn, on the Moray Firth, Scotland, at £23 a ton. The man behind the scheme is Mr. A. A. McInnes, a retired Indian banker and member of the Scottish Seaweed Research Association. He is forming a £40,000 company to open a factory at Goddes, near Nairn. The seaweed will be gathered from the rich deposits along the 100 miles of the Moray Firth coastline.

When a cold's as good as a holiday

IN the past three years Mrs. May Haworth, of Lancashire, has had six holidays that cost her nothing.

On each occasion she went into Harvard Hospital, Salisbury (where doctors and scientists have been trying to find a cure for the common cold), as a cold-catching guinea pig.

"It was because I wanted an inexpensive holiday that I first volunteered," said Mrs. Haworth.

"At the end of each 10-day session I receive 33/- pocket money. Food and accommodation in a well-furnished, self-contained bungalow cost nothing. All meals are prepared."

Meals are left outside the bungalow door because the rule is that during the test a volunteer must not go within 30ft. of anyone else. At the end of the trial period there is a social and dance.

Says Mrs. Haworth: "When you first arrive you have a medical examination and then for three days you do nothing but eat, sleep, and be waited on. Then you are given drops to inhale. There are no injections."

"After the inhalation the doctors wait for results and we have to report our reactions each day. If you catch the cold you get every attention and are not allowed to leave until you are completely cured."

"During the experiments patients can go anywhere they like in the lovely grounds, and the whole thing makes an ideal holiday if you want complete rest and quiet."

For the first three visits Mrs. Haworth went alone, but on the last two occasions her husband has gone with her. He loses his wages while he is there, but says it is worth it.

Night and Day!

... always lots MORE

Hot Water with a RHEEM!



It's a good feeling last thing at night... first thing in the morning to know there's plenty of hot water on tap.

Plenty for all the family, for every household need, every day! Right round the clock.

Rheem is all automatic. You get hot water instantly. With no fuss. No bother.

Precision built... Rheem is engineered to the smallest detail. Guaranteed trouble-free service. Lowest operating cost. Install it. Forget it.

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For sanitary napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, sure—dependable for this important use, too.

keeps you nice to be near



Product of Bristol-Myers.



The Case of Come-Hither Bend

Continued from page 28

ATHOL said, "Clever little Enone, eh? Tennyson's little nymph without the diphthong or the dirndl." "Or the faithfulness," Elizabeth said.

Brigid sighed. "If only Kenneth weren't so likeable, so weak."

"Kenneth weak?" Athol collected glasses and took them to the table.

"Poor old Kenneth. It does seem a real tragedy, doesn't it?"

Peter suddenly laughed. "Well, of all the back-biting crews! You're jealous. The trouble with you and Brigid is you're both rotten with green-eyed jealousy."

"What?"

"Gnawing your teeth."

Athol said, "Of course they're jealous. What do you expect? Women hate a nice rich bachelor—or widower—to get married. No more queening it at his dinner table, no more charming little attentions from him, flowers and theatre tickets. Instead, his wife invites you to tea and sends you such a nice card at Christmas."

Peter said, "Well, whatever she does I expect it'll seem just another of her pretty little ways to Symonds. I noticed the other night up at the Trinklers' party he went on smiling

quite blandly when she cleared off with somebody else."

Athol paused, bottle above glass, eyebrows lifted inquiringly.

"Did she? Who did she clear off with?"

Brigid's swift glance at Elizabeth and sudden movement cut off any answer to this question.

"Oh, do let us shut up about Enone." She got up and snapped off a dead flower from the cascade of ivy-geranium above her head.

They couldn't have gone on with the subject any longer, anyhow, because almost at that moment Kenneth came round the side of the house and up the flight of wooden steps to the verandah.

It was soon after eight o'clock that the old car bringing Vio Thomas and Harry back from their Friday outing pulled up in front of Druit's store.

They sat still for a minute. Vio was tired. She was always played-out after her day in town. The morning session at the pictures, the jostling people in the narrow streets at lunchtime, the prowl through shops on the way home.

In the back of the car now were a couple of venetian blinds lacking tapes and cords and a deck-chair

needing canvas. They, too, would join the shedful of stuff to be mended or painted or riveted all in Harry's good time.

She and Harry had been taking this trip to town every Friday for the past six or eight years, and, time or not, Vio didn't give up a habit easily.

Harry was part houseman, part friend, and part hanger-on to Vio Thomas. Eight years ago he had come for the summer to earn a bit of money during the university vacation. Vio had been taking paying guests then. The next summer he had come again . . . and the next . . . and he hadn't gone away after that one, though the paying guests had dwindled, gradually faded out.

He was dark, handsome in a kind of way, with a Greek nose and a brainless forehead surmounted by a cluster of curls. His normal expression was slightly injured, though no one knew why—few people had a softer job than Harry.

His career had petered out into doing a bit of housework, messing about in the kitchen, making an occasional sortie with a spade into the overgrown garden of Vio's sprawling bungalow around the bend.

Please turn to page 31

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 22, 1959

The Case of Come-Hither Bend

NOW, bringing the car to a stop in front of the Druiitts' store, Harry took his hands off the wheel and turned to Vio.

"What do we want?" She stirred herself. "I don't quite know, I'll come in." They clambered out of the battered car. The door of the store was closed, but she pushed it open and they went in.

Another climate entered with Vio Thomas, that of the English counties. She was fifty or so, short and dumpy, and her tones were crisp and incisive, such as you didn't often hear in Druiitt's store.

It was hot in the store. The sun had been beating down all day on the low roof and had called out to their sharpest the mixed smells of cheese and bacon and kerosene and calico overalls.

There was too much stock for the size of the place, some of it had overflowed beyond the door—sacks of potatoes and wheat, with stray fowls pecking holes in the bags, having one on the house.

Druiitt and Mrs. Druiitt were both behind the counter getting ahead with to-morrow's orders, Druiitt at the far end bagging and weighing sugar. And how Mr. Druiitt could weigh sugar!

Mrs. Druiitt abandoned the bacon slicer and came forward.

"Good evening, Miss Thomas. What can I get for you?"

"Evening, Mrs. Druiitt. I want to leave my order, please."

Mrs. Druiitt opened the order book, folded the carbon sheet under and looked up, waiting, pencil poised. Her eyes behind their tinted glasses blinked nervously.

She always looked as though she were apologising for something, just what no one could have said, least of all, perhaps, herself.

When Vio had given the order Mrs. Druiitt said, as she had said to them every Friday for quite a number of years: "See a nice picture in town?"

But surprisingly, for once, Vio didn't say yes and proceed to tell her what they had seen. Instead, she fixed a jar of ju-jubes on the counter severely with her eye and folded the list again and again.

"Harry went. I didn't go. I had some business to do to-day. We'll take the tea and the butter, please, Mrs. Druiitt. You can send the other things round to-morrow."

One other small happening different from the Friday routine: Just as they were about to drive away Mrs. Druiitt came out to the car looking worried. She leant in and spoke to Vio: "Oh, Miss Thomas, look, I wonder if you'd mind..."

Vio said: "What is it?" and Harry paused, his foot on the clutch.

"Will you be looking in at Mrs. Connell's on your way home, like you usually do?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Well, I wonder if you'd mind giving her these eggs."

"All right, we'll take them."

Mrs. Druiitt handed them in and stepped back. She stood a while looking after the car.

When she went back to the shop Druiitt said: "What did you want to do that for? Connells didn't want them eggs before to-morrow."

"Eh? You said they wanted them."

"I never said anything of the kind."

"Yes, you did."

"Look, I took that order and..."

"Well, I thought..."

The argument went on for quite a while. Arguments lately between Mr. and Mrs. Druiitt had had a way of extending themselves—out of the shop—into the hot back room—into the hotter bedroom beyond.

To-night, Harry didn't go in to Brigid's. Vio got out and went in with the eggs—the Connells' house was at the elbow of the bend—but Harry trundled away in the old car.

The Connells' verandah was in

Continued from page 30

darkness now. The voices came from the sitting-room where they were having coffee. Kenneth and Athol had stayed for dinner. Two years ago Brigid hadn't been able to boil an egg, but now... Peter liked good food so Brigid liked cooking it.

She had spent a lot of time and thought on re-decorating this room when they got married, combed shops, new and antique, for the smoke-grey haircord on the floor, the pale honey-colored hangings and covers, the square Empire mirror and lustre candelabra, the big mirror vase, now holding heads of white agapanthus.

Vio pulled open the wire door and stepped in off the verandah. Her crisp voice cut through the murmur of talk like a light flashed on in darkness.

"Oh, Brigid, Mrs. Druiitt asked me to give you these eggs. Harry and I stopped there on our way home and she said you might be wanting them to-night."

Brigid got up. "Vio, thanks so much. Why didn't he bring them up himself?"

Athol said: "Who shall presume to say what mysterious modes of thought activate the Druiitts? They're so busily engaged in a running gun fight with each other that a little thing like business..."

"I didn't know. Do they fight?"

"Fight? They hardly give you time to get out of the shop before sounds of battle come wafting over the bacon."

Vio's face had clouded. There always seemed to be a pane of glass in front of Vio, tinted glass that colored reality. She had a dream and she had to preserve it by not waking too completely or approaching people too closely. Whenever she entered a room she had this moment of difficult adjustment to the world of others.

She sat down stiffly and took off her hat and vaguely dabbed at her hair.

Peter got her a drink and Brigid switched on another light. Athol strolled across and started to turn over gramophone records.

But it wasn't long before the stone was pitched into the pool again.

It was Peter who inquired of Vio: "Enone coming up this week-end?"

She blinked at him, "I don't know. She hasn't let me know." There was only the faintest accent on the last pronoun. "Of course there's no reason why she should. Her room's always there."

Here it was again! Never a mention of Enone that didn't raise emotion. In Vio it always seemed to be a mixed one, part irritation with her niece and part apology for her.

Elizabeth asked: "Hasn't she let you know, Kenneth?"

"What? Me? Who?" Hands in his pockets, Kenneth was stooping over a moth on the table, his dark, rather Arab-looking profile silhouetted against the lamp glow. "Don't interrupt my lepidopterological studies. White plush and ruby eyes and side-whiskers! Ain't nature grand!"

The subject wasn't to drop, though, for all that Elizabeth seemed to have switched it. It was to come right out into the open with Harry's arrival a few minutes later.

He went across to Vio and handed her a telegram.

"This was pushed under the door. I thought I'd better bring it round. It might have been there all day, and I didn't know how long you'd be." He stepped aside, and Peter motioned him to help himself to a drink.

The cloud on her face darkened, as she tore open the envelope.

"It's from Enone. She is coming here to-night. She'll be on the bus that gets here at nine o'clock."

Please turn to page 34



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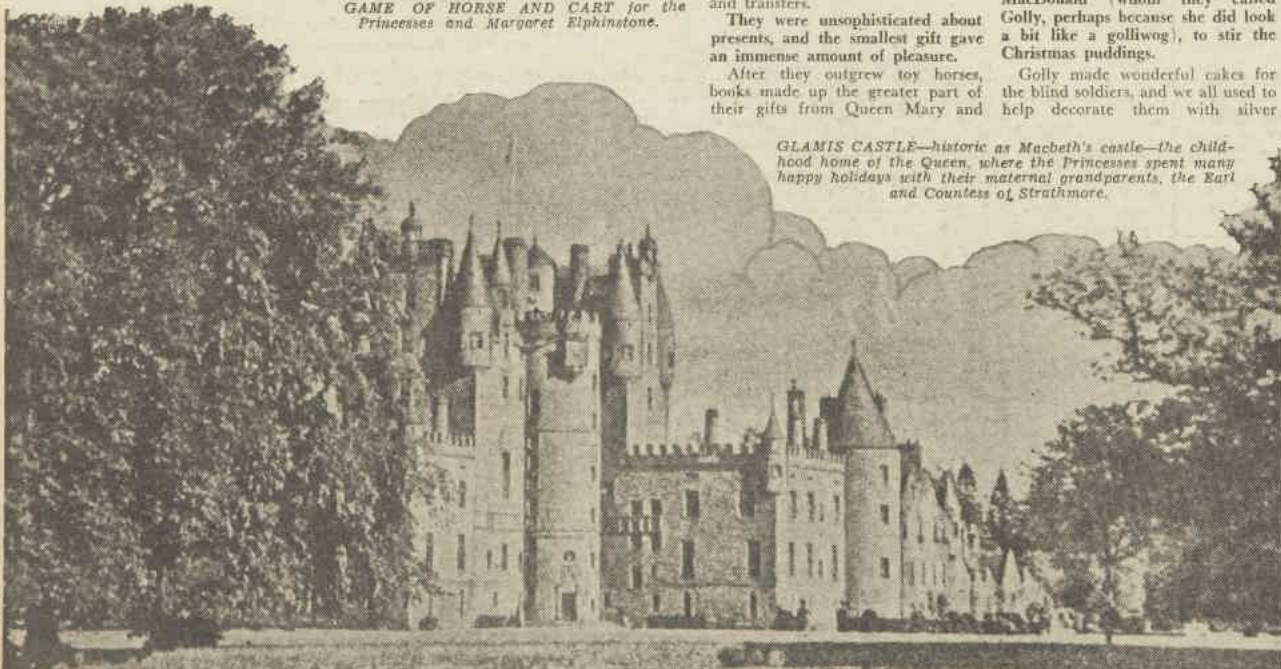
Continuing... THE LITTLE PRINCESS



LEAVING FOR A HOLIDAY at Glamis Castle, the Duchess of York and the two Princesses were photographed at Euston Station. Princess Elisabeth shared the family love for dogs, and is leading her current pet.



GAME OF HORSE AND CART for the Princesses and Margaret Elphinstone.



GLAMIS CASTLE—historic as Macbeth's castle—the childhood home of the Queen, where the Princesses spent many happy holidays with their maternal grandparents, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore.

LILIBET was to choose that, set to the tune of Crimond, for her wedding service many years later. It was at Royal Lodge, Windsor, during one of our happy week-ends, that I discovered the children had considerable talent for acting.

It started one day in the woods there when we played charades, just the three of us — one-man charades, in which each of us took it in turn to act someone we knew, and the others had to guess who it was.

There was never any doubt about Margaret's efforts! They were unmistakable. She kept us in fits of laughter with this first manifestation of a talent that was one day to amuse a much larger circle, and, perhaps, also to make for her some enemies.

Older people never care to be laughed at by a young girl, and the gift of fun-poking — and very clever fun-poking — Margaret had, from an early age, in a very large quantity. Lilibet never had it to anything like the same extent. She was always a more serious child, though she, like her Aunt Mary, has a dry, humorous way of putting things.

Margaret's imagination led her along strange paths. Her dreams were appalling, and the telling of them was one of her ways of postponing the start of an unpopular lesson, or some chore she disliked.

Just as in earlier days she had used the handy "Cousin Halifax," it was now, "Gravie, I must tell you an amazing dream I had last night," and Lilibet would listen with me, enthralled, as the account of green horses, wild-elephant stampedes, talking cats, and other remarkable manifestations went into two or three instalments.

Margaret was never at a loss. One of her early sayings achieved immortality.

When she was still a very small child, J. M. Barrie came over to tea at Glamis from Kirmir, which he had made immortal under the name of Thrums. While they were at tea, there was a biscuit lying on a plate between them, and he asked the little girl, jokingly, whether it belonged to her or to him.

Margaret said, gracefully, "It is yours and mine."

J. M. Barrie put that line into his play "The Boy David," and he gave Margaret one penny for every time it was used on the stage. The tale soon got about, and did a great deal to dispense the story of Margaret's being deaf and dumb.

After Barrie died, Cynthia Asquith, who had been his secretary for many years, came to Buckingham Palace and brought Margaret all the pennies owed to her, in a bag.

Christmas was always looked forward to and prepared for months ahead. The Duchess would take the children shopping at Harrod's.

The children made their shopping-lists up well ahead. The bulk of their purchases, however, came from Woolworth's.

We went round the store ourselves and bought china ornaments, sweets, and pages of colored stick-on scraps and transfers.

They were unsophisticated about presents, and the smallest gift gave an immense amount of pleasure.

After they outgrew toy horses, books made up the greater part of their gifts from Queen Mary and

their uncles and aunts. Queen Mary gave them all the classics — Robert Louis Stevenson, Jane Austen, and Kipling. Others sent book tokens.

The Duke and Duchess gave them small silver bracelets such as all little girls love. One year when they had been loaded with chocolates and all kinds of expensive presents, what pleased both of them more than anything else was small ladybird brooches given to them by Lilibet's nursemaid, Bobo.

There was always a great deal of consultation as to what should be given to Alah and Bobo.

The latter, I seem to remember,

Choosing gifts was great fun

came in for a lot of rather highly colored bath salts in her day!

Making up the Christmas parcels was great fun, and much skilful manoeuvring always went on, so that I should by no means guess what it was they had got for me.

Once they gave me a small box for my mother. Inside was an elephant of ivory on a pin. On the back of the box was written "3/4." I have it to this day. Another year the two children gave me a bead necklace made like bunches of grapes.

I wish I had kept some of their letters written to Santa Claus. They were long and confiding, and the requests under the circumstances were most unambitious ones. Horries featured largely. Lilibet always got hold of Christmas catalogues and marked all the horsey books.

When Christmas came they duly hung up their stockings. And papa and mummy crept up, when at last the children slept, to fill them.

They always had, besides this, one of those made-up net stockings full of pleasant little rubbishes — comic books, whistles, little balls, small tin frying pans, and other nonsenses. They loved these dearly and kept all the empty ones year after year.

There came a time, much later on, when they were all taken out and refilled for children in hospitals.

Nothing was ever wasted. Lilibet had a large box into which she put every piece of ribbon off chocolate boxes and bouquets, neatly folded up, to be used again, and she kept every piece of silk or pretty colored paper that took her fancy.

Another thing they loved to do at Christmas time was to go down to the kitchens to help the cook, Mrs. MacDonald (whom they called Golly, perhaps because she did look a bit like a gollywog), to stir the Christmas puddings.

Golly made wonderful cakes for the blind soldiers, and we all used to help decorate them with silver

[from page 27]

horseshoes and bells, and bright silver pills dear to confectioners. Golly had great heaps of these things, and of colored sweets, in those old, spacious kitchens. A good bit of tasting was enjoyed by all.

They were never greedy children. Their most favorite sweet was a certain fudge that Bobo, the serymaid, who is now Lilibet's personal maid, used to make for her in the kitchen from her own recipe, which she guarded jealously. They were apt to board ship, be a little uneasy, hand it round in general, a complete

sense of any kind of lavishment of the family rule.

On Queen Mary's birthday children took her little Victoria poses.

All the birthday presents were laid out on Her Majesty's table in her apartments. When we had made our curtsies and she had kissed us, she would tell us we might choose from among them small gifts for ourselves.

Lilibet would scan the collection to see if there was anything to do with a horse; and, if not, on some other small china animal, little china dish. The presents family gave and received were very simple, with a personal touch.

One felt the donors had sweated, if at all, on the size economy.

Queen Mary, through all years, was an immense help and comfort to me personally. I was very young to have the responsibility carried, and there were times when I felt the job I had taken on.

The books they liked

getting too big for me to handle.

The Duke and Duchess read themselves, and entirely wrapped in each other and their children paid no more than necessary attention to the schoolroom routine.

Everything, their attitude suggested, would be perfectly all right as long as both little girls were happy and well.

I sent Lilibet's school schedule the time to Queen Mary and helpful suggestions from Her Majesty, which were most welcome of course, and I revised the school schedule for Princess Elisabeth accordingly. (The timetable printed below.)

Ours was never the entirely conventional schoolroom, and, as far as I was concerned, the period at the hall and the five years I had children alone at Windsor were godsend as far as the work was concerned. We were uninterrupted.

During the morning break used to go out and play in Ham Gardens, and the Duke often joined us. One of the favorite games was one at which he excelled — scotch!

The Duke played with great precision of footwork, his daughter watching him critically.

Lilibet never objected to her period of lying down as long as it did not exceed half an hour. She always allowed to read a book this time.

Though both children went early, they did not always stay there. There was a good romp about which I never approved of myself, but that Alah's affair. I was always not to interfere in nursery matters.

The children's taste in books was a wide one.

Though for a long time the Beauty type of story held first with both of them, they loved Dr. Doolittle stories, by Hugh King, and were, in common with children the world over, very sad.

PRINCESSES

Mr. Lofting laid down his pen and announced there would be no more.

They liked Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," but, strangely enough, never cared for "Alice in Wonderland." They thought it rather stupid. I often wondered whether, had a horse played a leading part in it instead of a White Rabbit, their verdict might have been different.

Thackeray's "The Rose and The Ring," a mature work for young children, they liked very much indeed. When they were out of humor with me, I was often called Gruff-enough, after the governess in the story.

Margaret had one treasured work that was all her own. It was a thumbed and torn penny dreadful, a tale of blood and pirates she found in an old box at Glamis Castle.

She uncurled and flattened its yellow pages, and took great pains to repair it. For a time it was her favorite reading. She was very secretive about it and would not let anyone else see it.

I had always borne in mind King George's instructions to me about their handwriting, and had avoided the sloping script he so objected to. Lilibet wrote a good, clear hand, entirely characteristic, and, later on, so did Margaret.

They were both good letter writers, and I always heard very regularly from them during the holidays.

Music lessons were started early. Miss Mabel Lander began to come regularly to 145 Piccadilly.

Lilibet was naturally musical and loved her lessons, but she hated to practise. Miss Lander was to find that Lilibet's wonderful memory and good ear were great drawbacks, and kept her from learning to read. She soon got a tune off by heart and could pick out on the piano the songs the barrel organs played and the butchers' boys whistled.

Margaret started music lessons at seven, and had a real gift, no doubt inherited from her other grandmother, Lady Strathmore, who had great talent.

We went to a singing class in the Countess of Cavan's home for some time, and the children loved it.

It came to an end when we moved to Buckingham Palace, but I formed a Madrigal Society at Windsor during the war, and that continued at the palace until a year ago.

Both children had delightful speaking and singing voices from the earliest age. Margaret could sing all the "Merry Widow" tunes long before she could talk.

They both picked up tunes with amazing ease, and it was charming to hear them sing duets together.

This was something that always gave the Duke a lot of pleasure and amazement. He had always found it so difficult to do anything in public. To his little girls it came with the greatest ease.

Margaret, had she been trained, undoubtedly would have become a very good singer.



ENJOYING COMPANIONSHIP of other children at a party to celebrate the Master of Carnegie's sixth birthday. From left: Miss Zoe D'Erlanger, Princess Margaret, Master of Carnegie, Princess Elizabeth, the Hon. Maryanne Sturt, and Master Wolridge Gordon. The Princesses always regarded other children, of whom they met comparatively few, with insatiable interest.

As it is, her undoubted talent has given immense pleasure to her parents' visitors in the family circle.

She is a born comic into the bargain and accompanies herself for these turns on the piano in an almost professional manner.

King George V was devoted to his grandchildren, but I always felt he preferred Lilibet to Margaret.

His own children had always been a little afraid of him, with his Victorian discipline, his quarter-deck voice, and his general strictness.

Lilibet had none of these qualms. She was even at times a trifle patronising. I remember one occasion when he drew a rather unhandy picture for her, she stood at his elbow, watching, encouraging him.

"You really are not at all a bad drawer," she told him, kindly.

It was wonderful to see them together, the tall, bearded old man and the small polite little girl holding on to one of his fingers.

When he was so ill, a part of the tonic his doctors recommended for his convalescence was her presence.

She was then four years old.

She went down with him to Bognor Regis. It was the first time she had ever been to the sea. She used to play about on the sand while the old King sat in the sunshine, watching her.

We were supposed to go and play in the palace gardens whenever we cared to, but for some reason this was never a popular expedition and smacked too much of putting on good clothes and having to behave.

The children infinitely preferred the small smutty enclosure of Hamilton Gardens. Perhaps just because it meant home.

At this time the whole family went up to Birkhall for the summer holidays. This is a small Stuart house, built in 1745, on the banks of the river Muick, just outside Ballater in Scotland. It is Victorian inside, with pinewood furniture and masses of Landseers.

Landseer had been Queen Victoria's drawing-master in her childhood, and she was a great admirer of all his works.

The staircases are lined with Spy's caricatures. Some of these caricatures have personal letters attached to the backs of them, and we spent many wet days reading them.

There was hardly a great statesman from Victoria's time up to the present day not represented there, and these I found a great help with history.

Birkhall is whitewashed outside and has a dark pine porch at the front door. Queen Victoria had these porches put on all the Royal houses so that she could clamber into her carriage without getting blown to pieces on windy days.

The bedrooms are very simple and Victorian, with pinewood beds, and old-fashioned washstands.

In the King's bathroom there is one text: Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

As in Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, there are three basins in a line, each with hot and cold water. One marked for "teeth," one "hands," and one "face!"

When I first went to Birkhall it was lit by oil lamps, and very smelly oilstoves were carried up to the bedrooms in bitter weather. Since then it has been brought up to date.

Just as her father and mother did before her, Princess Elizabeth now has Birkhall as her summer house. It has been given her. Her children will play in the same nurseries she shared with her sister.

It had been obvious for some time that the old King's health was failing. He had made a wonderful recovery from his serious illness, but he had never been quite the same person again.

There was suddenly a vagueness about him. His booming voice had quietened; he was in every way more gentle.

Nothing seemed particularly imminent, however, when I went up to Scotland for my usual Christmas holiday.

The first I personally knew of how serious matters had suddenly become was when the message was broadcast to the nation and we knew the end was near: "The King's life is moving peacefully to its close."

I had a telegram almost immediately, asking me to return to Royal Lodge, Windsor, where the children were.

I had had a tooth out the day before. Cocaine never goes through my face; it sat there like an apple on my cheek, and I looked as though I had been crying my eyes out.

I can still remember the sort of hush that had fallen over England.

All the way down south the stations were strangely silent and

play, and that the last thing anyone you loved would wish you to do was to sit round and be miserable. But it was not very easy to keep them cheerful in that suddenly muted house.

We played, I remember, endless games of noughts and crosses — a game I can't contemplate to this day without hearing in my ears the strains of the Dead March from Saul.

We fuss needlessly about the young. I remember I was very bothered at the thought of Lilibet going to the lying-in-state. She was so young, I thought. What could she possibly know of death? But she had to go.

She drove off with the Duke and Duchess, in her black coat and black velvet tammie, looking small and, I thought, rather scared. The streets were filled with the usual great crowds, but now they were all silent.

I had forgotten she was much too short to see into the coffin. All she saw as they filed past the raised dais was great heaps of flowers. At this time the King's sons stood on guard, their rifles reversed. How relieved I was to find that what had impressed itself on Lilibet was how they stood.

"Uncle David was there," she told me, "and he never moved at all. Crawfie. Not even an eyelid. It was wonderful. And everyone was so quiet. As if the King were asleep."

Margaret bounced around, happily unconscious of everything, in her nursery on the day of the funeral, but Lilibet had to go.

The whole long ceremony would have been too much for her, we decided, so it was arranged that I should take her to Paddington Station quietly, in time to see the gun carriage with the King's body coming down the ramp. The Duke wanted her to see that, and to have that memory.

So, with the small, forlorn-looking figure in its inky black, off I went. The procession, as is common to processions, had taken longer than anyone expected. We arrived at Paddington Station an hour and a half too soon.

Death of King George V

empty, and everyone looked sad.

People had not realised how much they loved the old King until he was dead.

At Royal Lodge two little figures were waiting for me. The Duke and Duchess had gone to town and left a message for me: "Don't let all this depress them more than is absolutely necessary, Crawfie. They are so young."

I kept them in Windsor until all arrangements had been made for the funeral, then I took them to London.

Margaret was much too young to pay attention to what was going on. She was intrigued by the fact that Alah from time to time burst into a flood of tears.

Lilibet in her sensitive fashion felt it all deeply. It was very touching to see how hard she tried to do what she felt was expected of her. I remember her pausing doubtfully as she groomed one of the toy horses and looking up at me for a moment.

"Oh, Crawfie . . . ought we to play?" she asked.

I said certainly they ought to

WEEK'S TIME-TABLE

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
9.30 Bible	Arithmetic	Arithmetic	Arithmetic	Arithmetic	9.30-11
10.00 History	Grammar	Geography	History	Writing and Composition	Resume of week's work
10.30 Grammar	History	Literature	Poetry	History	General reading
Break for eleven o'clock (orange juice) and games in Hamilton Gardens.					11.00-12.30 Riding
12.00 to 1.00					
A rest: One half-hour for silent reading and one half-hour when I read to Princess Elizabeth. This covered a good deal of literature.					
1.15 Lunch.					1.15 Lunch
Dancing Class or an educational visit with Queen Mary	Singing Class at Lady Cavan's House. More walks or out to tea	Drawing Lesson	Music Lesson	Left for Royal Lodge every Friday afternoon	Out in garden and park with Duke and Duchess



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The Case of Come-Hither Bend

ELIZABETH

echoed: "To-night!" and heard the sharpness in her own voice. Yet why should it concern her? Enone had already done her all the harm that mattered.

Vio crumpled the telegram and put it into her pocket, then glanced at her watch.

"It's twenty past eight now. Somebody may as well meet the bus." Pointedly, she didn't look at Kenneth.

He didn't look at her, either, or give any sign of hearing what she said. There was just a slight pause. Peter got up and leant over Brigid's chair, said something to her in an undertone.

Vio turned to Harry. "You'd better get back, Harry, and see to things. I'll meet the bus. What a pity we didn't order a joint. I said we should have... just in case, and now..."

"All right, don't get het up. Druit'll have something."

"Yes, but I'd have made some preparation if I'd known she was coming. It's her birthday on Monday." She got up and looked round agitatedly for her hat. "Her twenty-first birthday. Twenty-one! I can't believe it."

Kenneth straightened up and came forward. "Her birthday, is it? So it is. I'd forgotten."

Elizabeth looked across at him quickly. Why did he say that? She knew quite well that he'd given Enone a necklace of old garnets for it. How they had glowed, like drops of blood against her white skin at the Trinkets' party the other night.

And that childishly seductive figure in over-sophisticated black sheer, the will to attract licking out like flames around her to every man, especially to men already attached—the engaged, the happily married—they were an added challenge.

Kenneth was saying: "We must celebrate it with a party. Tomorrow night, eh? Or Sunday."

"I'll book it up." Athol moved to the door. Elizabeth raised a hand across the room to him. "Going already?"

"Yes. Actually, I've made a date with myself to get off about three important letters to-night. Also, if I don't give the studio a clean out occasionally..." He stepped out the door and went off, still talking.

Harry said to Vio, "Would you like me to meet the bus?"

"No. You go home and see to things. You didn't come back in the car, did you?"

"No. Do you want it?"

"Of course not."

Harry poured himself another whisky, drank it standing, nodded to them, and went out.

Elizabeth glanced over at Brigid. What was wrong there now? Peter was still leaning over her, but she wasn't looking up at him any more. Her face was flushed, and she was looking down, turning her rings round and round on her fingers.

In a minute Peter stepped back, squarely confident of himself and that any distress he caused her would melt away when he willed it.

He said at large, "Well, I'm off down to the store to pick up Druit. We're going to do a bit of fishing to-night."

In Druit and Peter an unlikely pair had come together—except for the basic likeness that exists between any two fishermen. These nights on the Hawkesbury, fishing for leather-jacket, had become fairly frequent of late. Too frequent for Brigid's

taste. She didn't turn her head as he went out.

The wire door had hardly banged behind him when Kenneth said, "Well, I must be getting along."

Brigid got to her feet with one swift move of her slim body.

"You-too, Kenneth? This is too bad! Everyone going off and leaving us. Two poor, ill-treated, lonely females!"

He went close to her, lifted her chin and held it raised.

"Don't try to put that line over on me, sweetheart! You'll never be poor or ill-treated, and I'm sure you'll never be lonely!"

She smiled up at him, her composure quickly recovered, and stepped ahead of him through the window.

In the next five minutes Vio changed her mind half a dozen times. She didn't think she would go and meet Enone. Then, yes, she would.

Well, perhaps she wouldn't. No, really, it was absurd. Enone didn't expect to be met, it was still quite early.

Still, she had bothered to write, so perhaps she really ought...

Though, of course, the child was used to looking after herself, rather hated to be fussed over...

Enone shared a flat in town with Nancy Phillipson, an art student. Enone had a little income left her by her father, and she made a little more by occasionally playing small parts in radio. But mostly her expenditure was small because her circle of friends was large.

Lying in bed in the mornings with telephone to her ear, her engagements often took quite a little organising. "Listen, Michael, I haven't got a single evening till I don't know when... No, really, Tomorrow the ballet with Bruce, Tuesday I'm having dinner with George, and on Wednesday—I will, I will. I promise I'll give you the first cancellation!"

Her warm intimate laugh would ripple along the wire. "Ring me early next week."

That was the way it had been, anyhow, until six months ago when she had got engaged to Kenneth. Then he had gone to America. While he was away, of course, she had had to amuse herself, and since he came back no one could have said that he had been exacting.

Elizabeth, seeing Vio's indecision, offered to run down to the bus stop for her at nine.

But Vio wouldn't hear of this. She got up again—she had already got up and sat down three times. After all, it was only half-past eight now. She was tired, she was really too tired to hang about any longer. She'd go straight home.

This time, it seemed, she had made up her mind for good.

"Don't come out," she said, and opened the wire door.

"Wait, I'll put on the verandah light." Brigid pressed the light switch just inside the doorway.

But no light came on outside. The bulb out there had failed. And, anyhow, Vio was half-way across the verandah, calling to them not to bother—that she knew her way—that it was quite all right.

Please turn to page 36

WEDDING BELLES
BY

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There's never been a lovelier bride than Mrs. Frank Brooks—Margo Lee, the famous "Golden Girl". The secret of the warm perfection of Margo's skin is the final touch of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. Cashmere Bouquet will give you, too, that dewy-fresh "bridal loveliness!"

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Before you give yourself that home permanent—here are some important, exciting facts. Scientists in a leading independent research laboratory have tested the waving lotion in widely used home permanents and here is what they found:—

1. It's the waving lotion that makes all the difference in how fast your home permanent takes, the kind of wave you get, and the condition of your hair after waving . . . regardless of the type of curlers you use.
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*HOW THE TESTS WERE CONDUCTED

(As reported in American Newspapers.)

New York, November 17, 1949.

The scientific measurement of the elastic properties of human hair was demonstrated publicly for the first time at the Hotel Plaza yesterday (Wednesday, November 16) by Richard Hudnut before an audience of Beauty and Science editors and Cosmetic Industry executives and more representatives.

The demonstration used an amazing new instrument, the Pulse Propagation Meter. Originally developed for use in the study of textile fibres, it employs sound waves to test the elastic properties of materials.

When sound waves are transmitted into hair or other materials, the speed with which the sound passes along the hair is a very definite

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The elastic property of hair is the vital consideration in a permanent. It is not how far hair can be stretched before breaking, but its ability, quickly and completely, to return to original shape and curl after being stretched, which constitutes the true measure of a satisfactory wave. From the standpoint of appearance and lasting qualities, a successful wave must leave the hair in a springy and resilient condition.

These tests revealed that a hair waved with the Richard Hudnut Creme Waving Lotion was up to 22% more elastic than hair waved with other widely used home permanent lotions.

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Kellogg's All-Bran has a tasty-toasted, nutty flavour. You may prefer to eat it sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal or straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Ask for Kellogg's All-Bran to-day. Sold at all grocers.

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Kellogg's All-Bran is a tonic for your blood—rich in iron. Richer than spinach, it helps keep your blood at its proper iron level. Does away with "tired blood"... cleanses away blood impurities as it cleanses out internal impurities. The iron in Kellogg's All-Bran protects your skin from ugly pimples and blemishes.



The Case of Come-Hither Bend

Continued from page 34

ELIZABETH had stooped to pick up a cushion and Brigid had hardly turned away from the door when the clatter and the cry came to them, and running out they found Vio sitting on the rock at the foot of the flight of wooden steps, rocking to and fro, and nursing her ankle.

They picked her up and helped her on to the bottom step, dusted her down, and fussed over her, picked up her bag and her hat.

Shaken and sorry for herself, Vio sat on the step holding her ankle and declaring that it was sprained, swelling already that she'd be a mass of bruises in the morning. And, oh dear, oh dear, why did this have to happen to-night! Just when there was so much to do and think about!

Elizabeth, standing beside her, glanced up the steep steps open at both sides like a gangway but with only one narrow handrail. To anyone toppling down there in the dark a sprained ankle was almost a gift. Vio might have broken a leg, her neck.

Brigid ran up and got her a brandy and put a cigarette between her lips.

And Vio drank and puffed at the cigarette, taking all the sympathy she could get, stroking her ankle, so painful that she wouldn't let them touch it. She had tripped over something, she said, on the top step. There'd been something there, barring her way, and she'd hit it with her foot, lost her balance, fallen headlong...

Elizabeth thought that it was no use to point out to her that there was nothing on the step now. People no longer young must always lay the blame on something or someone else for a fall.

They got out the car and took Vio home, up through the neglected garden into the shabby old house and left her in Harry's care.

Driving home, Brigid said: "Do you think she did trip over something?"

"No, I don't. That was just a little

face-saving. There wasn't anything there. What could she have fallen over?"

"Poor old Vio, she seemed flurried and upset to-night."

The evening wasn't half over yet. They hadn't been home long—it was just a quarter-past nine—when Nancy Phillipson walked in.

Brigid had gone into the studio with Elizabeth as she often did at night when Peter was away. She seemed to get a vicarious satisfaction from Elizabeth's work, the work that had once been her own.

To-night they didn't talk. On the wide day-bed under the window open to the summer night, Brigid lay scanning the evening papers, Elizabeth was sitting on the floor, sorting a pile of sketches, adding to the room's almost comforting disorder.

Hearing the outer door open, Brigid got up quickly, thinking it was Peter come back for something.

But it was Nancy Phillipson who came across the sitting-room and into the studio.

Nancy greeted the other two girls with casual friendliness. "Hullo. No visitors? Good. I'm dead tired. Had an awful day."

She ran her fingers backwards through her heavy hair. Long, thin, fallow, she dropped into a chair, flung one corduroy-trousered leg over the arm and pulled out her cigarettes. She looked tired as you wouldn't expect a nineteen-year-old to look. Her hand as she held the cigarette was shaking a little.

She said, dropping the match on the floor beside her: "Get me a drink, Liz."

"What'll you have?"

"Whisky."

Elizabeth brought in drinks, mixed one and took it over to her.

"What's happened to your hand?"

A handkerchief was tied round the hand Nancy put out for the drink.

She poured the whisky down her throat expertly. Her hair as she drank fell back from her brown neck.

Brigid asked: "Did you come down with Enone?"

Nancy looked up quickly: "Enone? Why?"

"She came on the nine bus. I thought you'd be with her."

"No. Why should I? I didn't even know she was coming. I only made up my mind at the last moment."

"She wired Vio."

"Did she? She never tells me anything now."

"The last time you were here you were talking of dissolving partnership."

"Was I? I don't remember. Oh, no, I'm not going to break with Enone. We rub along all right together. I've got my work and she's got her blokes. We don't impinge much on each other."

She pulled the knotted handkerchief tighter around her palm, tugging at it with her small white teeth.

Elizabeth said again: "What's happened to your hand?"

"I cut it on the windscreen of a car."

"Whose car?"

"Some idiot boy, don't know his name. He gave me a lift up. We contacted at the paper stall at Wynyard. He was coming this way so we teamed up. Not a bad youth, but he started to have ideas just before I got out—gazing into my eyes—trundled into a tree—and I got this."

"What did he get?"

"Barely enough to claim insurance." She kicked her knapsack towards the divan. "O.K. for me to sleep there?"

When Nancy dropped in on Come-hither Bend she usually slept at Brigid's.

The next step in the sitting-room wasn't Peter's, either. It was Ted Fanshawe's. When he appeared in the doorway Elizabeth only just glanced up and her greeting was offhand. Sitting on the floor, she went on sorting sketches.

He came into the room and picked his way over her litter, seeming not to notice that her manner was all but insulting. His own to-night was too easy, his voice too casual.

Please turn to page 38

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TPS/259

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MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are trying to escape from Roc Island with
PRINCESS NARDA: They have been in the power of
THE BARON: Ruler of the island, who has a number of trained rocs, giant birds hatched from eggs kept

fresh for millions of years. When Mandrake tries to enlist the aid of an aircraft-carrier by radio the officers think he is mad. To escape the Baron's bullets the three climb on to a roc's back. It takes off, tries to attack the carrier, which replies with guns and a flight of fighter-planes.

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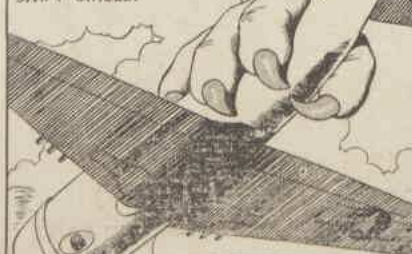
MANDRAKE, NARDA AND LOTHAR FLOAT TO SAFETY ON THE FEATHERS OF THE COLOSSAL ROC!



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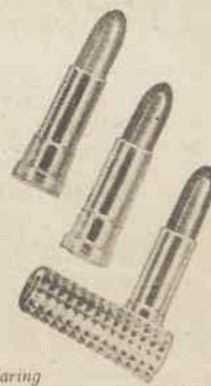
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- 4 eggs.
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- 3 large cups s.r. flour containing "Aerophos".
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Cream butter and sugar; add beaten eggs gradually; add milk coffee; add fruit; finally lightly stir in flour sifted with spice. Pour into a tin lined with greased brown paper. Cover with this topping—
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ARRID THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

The Case of Come-Hither Bend

Continued from page 36

SMILING over at Brigid on the divan, Ted said: "It's all right, Brigid, don't stir a limb. I've had dinner." He lighted a cigarette and took the match carefully over to the ashtray on the bench. "You don't have to make up a bed for me either. I've got a room at the Captain Cook for the night."

But all the time his eyes kept coming back to Elizabeth's head bent over her papers. "And, anyhow, I expect Nancy's booked the day-bed there."

"You guess right. I have."

Brigid asked: "Did you leave your car at the pub?"

"I didn't come up in my car. It's in dock—carburettor trouble."

Nancy's eyes slid round to him. "You came on the bus with Enone, did you?"

"With Enone? No. I got a lift up with my brother-in-law, Bob Sutherland. He was driving up to Gosford and offered me a lift."

"Don't know him."

"You should, he's got a very handsome new car." He drifted about the room, opening books, inspecting pictures.

In a minute Brigid got up off the divan—only someone armor-plated could have rested in the atmosphere surrounding Ted and Elizabeth—and moved towards the door.

"Well, I think I'll do a few odd jobs in the kitchen."

Nancy got up, too. As she passed him, she said: "Make it snappy, I'd meant to get to bed early to-night," and followed Brigid to the kitchen.

He shut the door after her. Elizabeth had got up and gone over to the bench and lighted a cigarette. She shook the match slowly and sat down on the couch. Her great hazel eyes were on him steadily.

"You seem agitated to-night."

He came and stood in front of her. "I should think I was agitated. With you sitting there like a hanging judge waiting to tear into me."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't lie, you know perfectly well. About my charming little performance at the Trinkers the other night. Going off with Enone and not coming back though I'd arranged to take you home."

Her lips just formed a small cold smile.

"That's the least of it. You were drunk, I suppose, and she was flinging herself at your head the whole evening. But next morning—not ringing me—and the whole week. I expect you were seeing her every day."

"Then you expect wrong—do you see?—quite wrong. I haven't set eyes on her since that night."

"Really? No more quiet little teas at the Picture Gallery like the week before?"

"Listen, you know that was the purest chance. That day I met her by accident just as I was—"

"Naturally. And you didn't ring me after the party because you'd forgotten my telephone number—also by accident, I suppose."

"I didn't ring you because I wanted to explain personally. I'd hoped to be able to get up here before to-night."

"And may I ask where you went with her after you left the party?"

"To a couple of nightclubs. We had supper, danced, drank rather a lot. Not a very original programme, I'm afraid."

His airy tone stung her.

"It's a pity I should show any curiosity in the matter, isn't it?"

"A great pity. Since the happening was quite irrelevant. Such a small incident—"

"Stop that!" she warned.

"All right, I did succumb to her charm at the Trinkers."

"Succumb? That makes everything right, of course. You were little more than a fever patient."

"Quite right. Little more. Bill Trinker's cocktails—white rum and white shoulders—sheer black and sheer idiosyncrasy."

"And complete indifference to my feelings."

"Yes, I admit everything. You needn't keep on. I've said I behaved badly. Enone's attractive. Well, isn't she? You'd like me to say she isn't, but she is. It's not that I'm particularly weak, but if you drink enough spirit you get drunk. That's the long and the short of it."

She said hotly, "You don't sound very apologetic. I thought you came to apologise."

"So I did. And also to explain. You don't stop to ask why I behaved as I did."

"What?"

"That you might have contributed something with your coyness and shilly-shallying."

"Oh? So there's to be a counter-accusation, is there?"

"No, just an attempt to explain the why and the wherefore. Two months ago I asked you to marry me. You wouldn't actually say yes, but you didn't say no. I wasn't your property, but I wasn't to be anyone else's."

"So the affair at the Trinkers' was just a trick to make me jealous?"

"No, no, I don't say that. But if anyone makes enough effort to do a thing they'll be successful—temporarily, anyhow—and Enone certainly did make plenty!"

"It's a pity that you don't put some of that same drive into pleasing me."

ABRUPTLY Ted strode over to the couch. "Listen, Liz, if you want that kind of person you'll have to look around for someone else. I simply haven't got that urge to stir people with attentions. I love you, I do try to please you. I came one crash and I've said I'm sorry. But I'm not going on all-fours any longer. If it's not enough it's up to you to be magnanimous."

He dropped on to the couch beside her and kissed her suddenly. As suddenly she turned her head aside and his aimed kiss fell on her cheekbone. "Very nice," he murmured. "And your eyes are like those greenish rock-pools where we caught those little crabs last month... And, of course, that's why you're so crabby with me to-night!"

Her mouth curved into a smile, but his, all at once, grew serious.

"Honestly, darling," he said, "I could kick myself all round town for having made you unhappy. Though, in a way, I'm secretly delighted because I feel you must like me a lot to care what I do. That's so, isn't it? You do, don't you? You do like me a little, don't you, darling?"

There was a silence, and then: "You know I do."

"Isn't this the moment then, as I've apologised and you've accepted it, for you to say you will marry me? And soon? And not keep wondering if it's a good idea, if we really suit each other, etc., etc."

"Yes," she said. "Yes to everything..." She put a hand behind his head and drew it down to her.

"Darling... we will be happy... always... from to-night, and all the trouble's over between us."

But it wasn't. Because at that moment Enone was lying on a ledge of rock a bit below the road, not a hundred yards from where she had got off the bus. She was dead. Her short but very successful career was at an end.

But though she wouldn't make any man want her or any woman jealous of her ever again, the trouble she had power to cause was only just beginning.

To be continued

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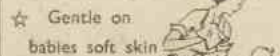
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King of jockeys makes wife queen of diamonds

Top-ranking American jockey Johnny Longden, who came to Australia to "try the tracks here," is known in the U.S. as the King of Jockeys.

His charming 26-year-old wife is likely to be known as "The Queen of Diamonds."

BRINGING home the bacon, the stakes, and a little diamond something for the wife are all in the day's work for Johnny Longden.

So far her favorite piece of jewelry is a golden horseshoe studded with diamonds, framing a mosaic picture of the head of Count Fleet, on which Johnny won the Kentucky Derby.

"Johnny gave it to me for Christmas, 1943," Mrs. Longden said.

"Diamonds are my favorite stone, and they're Johnny's, too. He chooses all my jewelry for me—I never see it till he brings it home."

When interviewed in Melbourne, Mrs. Longden was wearing (in addition to her favorite horseshoe) a diamond wrist-watch on one wrist, and on the other a wonderful bracelet—rows of diamonds surrounding a centre row of big, midnight-dark sapphires.

Her wedding ring is a diamond hoop; the engagement ring an exquisitely cut, huge diamond surrounded by smaller stones, and on the ring finger of her right hand she wore an outsize in solitaires. Her earrings were diamond horseshoes.

In spite of this dazzling display, which is not the entire collection, evening usually finds the Longdens in front of the television set rather than stepping out in finery.

Johnny has to be on the track at six, and they like to stay at home.

Before she came to Australia Hazel had heard about opals. Was it true that they were supposed to bring bad luck, and what did they look like? She'd never seen one before.

Johnny took her shopping, and Hazel, thrilled with earrings and a pendant of beautiful blue, rose, and

green opals set in gold, hardly dismissed any thought of ill luck. "We're not superstitious," she said firmly.

Johnny Longden is a teetotaler, and so is Hazel. He doesn't smoke, keeps to no special diet, but eats good, wholesome food because "you've got to keep very fit in this game."

The little jockey reads the Bible regularly, attends the Mormon Church in Arcadia every Sunday he's home. His parents were Mormons, and his children are being brought up in the same faith.

Asked what he planned to do in the future, he looked a little puzzled and said, "I'm due back in the States to ride Your Host in the Kentucky Derby on May 2."

"After that I'll just go on riding horses. What else would I do?"

Modest and sincere

JOHNNY is as far removed from the conventional idea of a flashy race-track world as you could imagine. Called "the wizard," and "millionaire jockey," he is modest, sincere, and unassuming.

Johnny Longden is five feet high, weighs eight stone, and takes a size three for his made-to-order shoes. Impeccably and conservatively dressed in a brown pin-striped suit, cream silk shirt, and modestly patterned brown tie, he looked like any well-dressed businessman.

But the fastidious little shoes were a delight—brown suede and calf, they had pointed toes and very slightly built-up heels.

The Longdens are very guarded about that "millionaire" tag. "Are we millionaires?" Hazel asked him, raising a well-groomed eyebrow.

Johnny shifted uncomfortably in his chair. "Let's say I've made a lot of money riding horses. The stakes are big over there—a while ago I won 500,000 dollars (about £222,000) in twenty days at Santa Anita."

"Do I back 'em? No, never have a bet. I only ride 'em. My wife bets—but only for a hobby. She comes along and harracks for me; she does that, all right!"

The Longdens have been married eight and a half years. Mrs. Longden's father was an owner-trainer, so she knew what marriage to a top-ranking jockey would be.

"We've two beautiful kids, and adore them," she said, "but I believe in being a wife first and a mother next."

Every other day in Australia, however, they were on the telephone calling the youngsters—Erik, aged 6, and Andrea, 2½.

Johnny believes in saving money as soon as you make it. It's hard enough to make—no sense in throwing it away.

He believes in using it for comfortable living, though, and the Longdens' comfortable living includes:

- Their home in Arcadia, California, complete with swimming-pool.

- Two seven-passenger Beach Craft planes. He never takes a train to any place—always flies.

A 30,000-acre ranch in Nevada and a big citrus fruit farm in California don't come under the comfortable living heading. Johnny says they are money-spinners. On the ranch he helps at round-up time, does some branding.

Hazel says there's enough ranch in their backyard—two ponies, three dogs, as well as chickens.

But Johnny is enthusiastic. "I fly down every week, and take the kids. They love it."

Johnny has another son—20-year-old Vance—by a former marriage. Vance tops his father by five inches. He has not long finished college, but has pretty well made up his mind to be a trainer.



JOHNNY AND HAZEL LONGDEN photographed at their hotel in Melbourne. Hazel had been doing the packing for the trip home. Their visit to Australia created much interest, and Johnny's unusual style of riding in a crouched position astonished racegoers.

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It was clear to all the family that Angeline had made up her mind about George. All that she had not done, so far, was to give a categorical yes.

She gave it soon after she met Uncle Alaric, on the day after she went out walking with him for the first and only time.

Early that May was arranged the marriage of Angeline's dearest friend's older sister, and to that ceremony Angeline (enchanting in sky-blue tulle and a feathered bonnet) and George (impressive in new frock coat) were hidden as, respectively, bridesmaid and usher.

The day dawned fine and fair, the bridal procession had scarcely left the church door when a strange young man emerged from the gaping crowd, to shake over bride and bridegroom and, in good measure if by mistake, over Angeline and George, a shower of the then new-fangled confetti.

Laughing delightedly, my Aunt Angeline—young and gay and in highest spirits, for several admiring glances, starting, no doubt, towards the bride, had come to rest on her—my Aunt Angeline, laughing delightedly, looked up and met the stranger's also laughing eyes. My Aunt Angeline turned to George.

No smile broke the outraged tightness of George's fresh, fair face.

He took from his breast pocket a spotted handkerchief and with it brushed from shoulder and sleeve the offending medallions, murmuring, not quite under his breath as he did so, "Filthy stuff!" and "Tchah!"

Aunt Angeline was surprised but not upset; until she looked up once more to meet the stranger's mocking, quizzical gaze. Whereupon my Aunt Angeline, with well-simulated concern, immediately started to brush the confetti from herself.

All through the drive to the wedding reception, George, in disgust, removed from his person further fragments of colored paper. Indeed, all that afternoon, George, with a glassy look in his eye, pounced upon minute crinkles that upsettingly littered the carpet, muttering "Sicken-ing mess!" and "Fool fellah!"

The Almond Tree

Continued from page 9

"Well, we shall not see him again!" my Aunt Angeline offered in soothing accents, as the carriage bowled down the leafy avenue.

Little, as contemporary story-tellers were apt to say, little did she know!

For who should the stranger turn out to be but Angeline's dearest friend's blacksheep cousin! And what more natural than that, in the bride's now vacated girlhood room, he should lodge for an apparently indefinite stay?

It was the season of garden, river and picnic parties, and at these my Aunt Angeline and my Uncle Alaric met, without plan on the part of my Great-aunt Angeline and, she fully believed, without manoeuvre on the part of Uncle Alaric.

For Alaric (said my Great-aunt Angeline) was quite the loliest man she had ever known.

DURING that summer he lounged about in extravagant white flannel trousers and tilted straw boater, doing exactly nothing at all but enjoy himself. He was, in the deplorable parlance of his utterly deplorable profession, "testing."

Which filled my Great-aunt Angeline with a deep disgust.

For George never rested, in any sense of the word. George worked hard, day after day, making a considerable amount of money, planning to make even more money, and knowing, to the last second and the last ha'penny, when he would make it, and how much.

Uncle Alaric, on the other hand, when he was not sitting silent and still, staring beatifically into space, played his guitar.

He was very much attached to his guitar. He took it with him upon occasions suitable and unsuitable; at moments suitable and even more unsuitable he would start, hardly, as if he did not really intend it, to twang at the strings, and then, very softly, under his breath, in a fine, rare tenor, he would more often than not burst into song.

The first time that my Great-aunt Angeline heard my Uncle Alaric sing was at a crowded but dreary party in the drawing-room of the parents of my Great-aunt Angeline's dearest friend.

Uncle Alaric, who for a long time had fixed on Aunt Angeline a look at once speculative, tender, and mocking, in heart-melting pianissimo (and without invitation) then started upon "Du bist wie eine Blume."

Perhaps fortunately, none of the company knew what he was singing about; and not, truth to tell, did my Great-aunt Angeline, until next day when she looked it up.

"But the strange thing was," my Aunt Angeline recollected, "that at the time I'd felt so like a flower!"

My Uncle Alaric sometimes found time to talk. While punting, while playing croquet, while sitting out at dances behind papery potted palms, he talked to my Great-aunt Angeline about life and love.

My Great-aunt Angeline remained quite unimpressed.

Love, she said upon one occasion, did absolutely nothing for anyone but interfere with the real business of life.

Alaric agreed. He almost always agreed with people. Some said it was inertia. Others (the more acute ones) that it was his first-step tactic in getting across his own point of view.

Alaric twanged at his guitar, not knowing or not caring that his shirt-cuff was disgracefully frayed, and when a lock of fine dark hair fell into his fine dark eyes, he could not even be bothered to shake it out.

"Interferes!" Alaric repeated, "with life? Oh, well, yes. So do wars, bank crashes, diphtheria, and colds in the head. But they come along. They are," Alaric said, at his most lazy, "they are, when you come to think about it . . . they are life!"

My Great-aunt Angeline was unmoved. Love, she insisted, was a snare and a delusion. So very untidy, and such a mess.

FOR answer Alaric merely twanged "Drink To Me Only" very softly upon his guitar, and pointed out that love was also . . . sometimes . . . a wonder and a wild desire.

My Great-aunt Angeline, who was such a pretty girl that she could get away with it, sniffed.

Alaric was bone lazy, that was his trouble. He could not, it seemed, even summon sufficient energy to be jealous of George. At sight, sound or mention of Angeline's devoted admirer, Alaric's face expressed no more than off-hand amusement. (George, it is true, was not jealous of Alaric. But then, my Great-aunt Angeline demanded, why should he be?)

Once Alaric asked my Aunt Angeline to meet him; and not in the churchyard. But he did not bother to argue when she demurred. Sometimes he suggested alternative walks to George's time-hallowed woodland and river promenades. Not so far away, he said, there are hills and valleys, coverts and spinneys, and cornfields.

"Have you ever," my Uncle Alaric inquired, "smelled the smell of a wet cornfield?"

My Aunt Angeline replied curtly that she had not.

He did not pursue the subject. Naturally, remembering George, Aunt Angeline would not have co-operated in Alaric's plans; but even so she scorned such a spineless young man.

It was due to no effort of his that, in the fullness of time, a job, or rather "engagement," descended upon him—of that my Aunt Angeline was quite convinced.

This job, Alaric pointed out, would take him a long way away. But first, Alaric said, let them take a walk, a real walk in the country; and without chaperon. After all, he would be gone soon, and she would have forgotten him, so where was the harm? Why was she afraid?

My Great-aunt Angeline, perhaps as quick at picking up coos as any member of Alaric's own profession, rapped out that afraid she certainly was not.

Please turn to page 41



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The Almond Tree

WHEN Angelina had once made up her mind, she calmly and cheerfully planned to deceive both George and her family, without blush or inconvenient stirring of guilt.

On Tuesdays, my Great-aunt Angelina told Uncle Alaric, with a baleful glance that dared him so much as to smile, it was her custom to exchange the family books at the new circulating library. She had on occasions continued from there to lunch and tea with her married sister, Jane.

To-morrow, Tuesday, as usual, she would, therefore, be crossing Church Street at five minutes past ten.

And so, Uncle Alaric returned with the greatest solemnity, and so shall I.

My Great-aunt Angelina had her share of vanity, and possessed at this time a most delightful new yellow dress, with a little tucked tea-rose lace front.

When Uncle Alaric hailed my Great-aunt Angelina on the following morning at the corner of Church Street, she was dressed in this fetching ensemble, though she knew very well that the weather was chancy, and that in any case she would have been far more suitably clad in her second-best tussore, or her serviceable Havana-brown twill.

Uncle Alaric wore his whites, a loud blazer, and his straw-boater; and carried his guitar.

"Do you think," Great-aunt Angelina inquired, somewhat doubtfully, for she was still undecided whether it might not be wiser to go home for a wrap or umbrella, or to change, "do you think it is going to rain?"

Uncle Alaric did not appear to understand her. "I don't know," he said; and "Does it matter?" he asked.

Aunt Angelina tossed her head and, in her best and beloved yellow, set off.

No sooner were they well away from all available shelter than two great black clouds chased each other across the piercing blue sky; within a very few moments a storm had blown up, Alaric said, "out of no-

Continued from page 40

where." Rain like steel rods beat the ground to pulp; they spent most of the morning huddled together in a cow-barn (Aunt Angelina bundled into Uncle Alaric's too-loud blazer) waiting for the rain to stop.

Uncle Alaric strummed absently upon his guitar, and presently began to sing "The Wind and the Rain," putting a great deal of irritating expression into the hey-hos.

"You didn't think to being an umbrella," Aunt Angelina said tartly, "but you remembered that idiotic guitar!"

Uncle Alaric did not answer. He started on "Oh That We Two Were Maying."

"Oh that we two were maying!" my Great-aunt Angelina rapped out in fury. "This is a fine walk in the country and no mistake!"

"It's going to clear!" said Uncle Alaric.

"Look at that rain!"

"Look," Uncle Alaric breathed, on his face an expression that Great-aunt Angelina had never seen there before ("No, not even for me!") "Look at that rainbow! And, if you never have before, smell that smell!"

The clouds were blowing away, blue sky appeared, every blade of grass was suddenly diamonded into beauty, every farmyard puddle suddenly fiery with sun. Uncle Alaric, unmindful of the still-falling rain, unmindful, indeed, of my Great-aunt Angelina, strode out round the dripping barn.

My Aunt Angelina followed. Together, they mounted a little rise and stood looking down over a cornfield, shimmering beneath the gauze of mingled rain and sun.

Alaric gave my Aunt Angelina one look, so remote and yet extremely intimate; then turned, as she did, to the cornfield again.

Often before had my Great-aunt Angelina known such moments of magic; but never in all her life had she guessed at the painful joy of the magic moment shared. For a long time she did not speak; then in fear, in fury, in feeling half understood but wholly hated, my Great-aunt Angelina burst into hurried words.



George would never have let this happen, Aunt Angelina said.

George never got caught in the rain without an umbrella. George was a truly solicitous lover. George tapped at the barometer and looked carefully at the sky before even venturing out with a lady. George—

The look that my Uncle Alaric now turned upon my Aunt Angelina disconcerted her. She nevertheless managed to finish at high speed: That at the first sign of storm George turned his lady homeward, so that never on any occasion was the so much as caught in a squall.

My Uncle Alaric answered amiably.

"What wonderful weathers," he said, "what truly remarkable weathers, you must miss!"

And kissed my Great-aunt Angelina hard upon the mouth.

That evening George and Angelina and Angelina's father were closeted together in the study for nearly an hour, and next day, about the time that Alaric took train for his tour, Aunt Angelina came down to breakfast wearing a fine, fat diamond upon the third finger of her left hand.

Please turn to page 43

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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

NEW YORK lingerie designers focus attention on sleeping garments styled for figure flattery.

As I have received a letter from a reader asking for designs for night-dresses that would improve an unflattering bustline, I have had three of the American ones sketched.

Here is the letter:

Smart for sleeping

"NIGHTGOWNS are most unkind to my figure, and I would be grateful if you could sketch some that would camouflage a flat chest."

I suggest the types sketched: a bloused line above a fitted waistline, a bertha or fichu collar, and a winged collar effect.

In Paris, a "bra" designed just for sleeping is making fashion news. The design was originated by Marie-Rose Lebigot, and, I think, may lead to gowns and pyjamas with built-in bras.

Not too dressy

"DOZENS of girls must have the same problem that I have. It is a dress to wear to dances that will not look too over-dressed in buses and trams."

This season, fashion answers your query perfectly and simply by the short dance dress, often bare-topped, that takes on a street personality when covered by a jacket. As the



NIGHTDRESS tops designed in New York follow the current neckline and fitted bodice trends.

weather will soon be cold, it would be best for the costume to be light dress, perhaps tulle, and wool jacket. The two garments need not match. In fact, both color and material contrast will add to its smartness.

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NORA

"NAN" and "NORA." — Two smart skirts. "Nan" is designed with eight gores and finished with one hip pocket. "Nora" is a swing skirt finished with twin hip pockets. The material is fancy wool, and skirts are obtainable in pale green, cyclamen, mauve, horizon-blue, grey, turquoise, and nigger-brown.

Ready To Wear (both designs): Sizes, 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 49/11. Postage, 2/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes, 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 38/6. Postage, 2/6 extra.

"ANNE" and "SALLY." — Two attractive blouses available in a rayon crepe-de-chine and sheer linen. Colors obtainable in crepe-de-chine are white, pink, maize, and blue. In sheer linen the color choice is pale blue, green, white, pink, and maize.

Linen.—Ready To Wear: Sizes, 32 and 34in. bust, 35/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 37/3. Postage, 1/6 extra.

Linen.—Cut Out Only: Sizes, 32 and 34in. bust, 25/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 27/3. Postage, 1/6 extra.

Crepe-de-Chine.—Ready To Wear: Sizes, 32 and 34in. bust, 29/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 32/6. Postage, 1/6 extra.

Crepe-de-Chine.—Cut Out Only: Sizes, 32 and 34in. bust, 21/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 22/5. Postage, 1/6 extra.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post: Box 4000, G.P.O., Sydney; Box 382A, G.P.O., Adelaide; Box 4810, G.P.O., Perth; Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane; Box 155C, G.P.O., Melbourne; Box 51, G.P.O., Newcastle; Tasmania: Box 128C, G.P.O., Melbourne. N.Z.: Box 8000, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers use money orders only.

Bridesmaid's dilemma

"EARLY next spring my sister is to be married, and I am to be bridesmaid. As we want to have everything planned ahead, I am hoping you can help me. My dress is to be pastel-pink tulle, but we are stumped about the headdress. I want something very girlish and pretty... not a hat."

A very pretty idea for a bridesmaid is a triple-tiered veil reaching to just below the chin in front and shoulder-length at back. Have the veil made in the same tulle as your dress, and encircled with fresh flowers to match the flowers you carry.

Shirt-frocks again

"FOR years I have read and enjoyed your fashion advice, and now feel you could help me. I wanted to know if what was once called the classic American-style shirt-frock is still worn. If so, what material should it be made in?"

Shirt-dresses or shirt-waist dresses as they are called are right now one of the most promoted designs in America. Current style points include drop shoulder seams, tucked bosom fronts, pleats, and the easy bloused look above the waistline. It's a design that can be made in any dress fabric, plain wool, worsted checks, crepes, tulle, satin, and velveteen. The material you choose governs the formality of the style.

New casuals

"PLEASE give me some advice on sports clothes. I am going up north later in the year, and the people with whom I am staying say I need light clothes and some type of wrap for extra warmth. What would be smartest and newest along these lines?"

Very new for casuals is the mixture of cotton and wool. You could, for instance, have a jumper over its own playuit, jumper plain wool, playuit plaid cotton. Or a dress with its own cardigan—dress lilac cotton, cardigan lilac wool. Another tip, both sweaters and cardigans look newest cut with bat sleeves and soft round shoulders, and finish at the waist, or a few inches below, with ribbing. The most important single style item about casuals is the design minus sleeves—watch this fashion, it runs right through sports wear from the man-tailored shirts to a one-piece dress.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 22, 1950



ANOTHER "BOY" CHARLTON?

Every summer, thousands of sturdy youngsters in every part of the Commonwealth receive free instruction in swimming and diving. Today's healthy young generation will have fewer non-swimmers... fewer accidents from drowning. And who knows... this lad might be the diving "champ" of tomorrow. Even if he isn't, he's having a whale of a time now.



Good times and good chocolate go together. Your first taste proves the quality of Mac Robertson's "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate. That satisfying flavour of full-cream country milk, blended with super-smooth chocolate, lingers on your tongue. You can taste the Extra Cream. Ask for "Extra Cream" Milk Chocolate, in the quarter-pound block. It's made by Mac Robertson, the Great Name in Confectionery. 102

YOU CAN HAVE A NEW FROCK

For a few pence, USE

GILSEAL DYES

Specially recommended by 3,000 Chemists.

Your Chemist's professional advice is

FREE

Gilseal Dyes are DOUBLE STRENGTH.

The Almond Tree

Continued from page 41

GEORGE did not want a long engagement, and neither did Angeline. George was what, in those days, was called "well placed," and there was no need for delay. But delay arose over the matter of their house.

It had to be the right house. A proper setting for his jewel (Angeline) and one that would impress his business clients.

All through August, September, and October, George and Angeline visited ornate cottages and castellated villas, each one apparently more unsuitable than the last, until the family began to despair. But one afternoon in mid-November George arrived at "The Willows" looking exceedingly pleased with himself, and announced with great aplomb that he had found "exactly the thing."

He and Angeline set off to view it then and there.

"Blenheim Towers" was a truly impressive mansion; a gentleman's residence, solid and well built; and, as George said, not skimped in any respect; indeed, it was doubtful whether a house had ever been so well provided with gables, cupolas, battlemented balconies, and pillars upon which rested, for no good reason, white stone balls.

Aunt Angeline found so much grandeur a little overwheating. But, on the other hand, she was already acquiring, with firmness, the suitable wifely attitude that George could do no wrong.

As George pointed out, it was real value for the money; in the unlikely event of their having to sell (of course, Angeline would realise how very unlikely this was) they could undoubtedly get their money back. And, again, there was a fine garden, both back and front, where George planned to lay out, in geometric pattern, large beds of geraniums and other suitably showy flowers.

By this time, even if it had not been against her principles, Aunt Angeline really was too tired to argue. Of course, everything that George said was true. If there was any fault, it lay with her. There must be something about a house that George liked so much.

Aunt Angeline looked about to try and find it.

"What is this?" she inquired, of a small, bare tree in the front garden.

George did not know himself. But he called the gardener still employed by the soon-to-be-late owners.

"What is this tree, Bates?" George inquired, with just that touch of condescending good fellowship that he believed worked so well with the lower classes.

Bates said that it was an almond tree.

My Great-aunt Angeline shut her eyes.

For a long time the lowering of Aunt Angeline's lids had far too often called up a sharp vision of Uncle Alaric, the flowering cornfield before him, a lock of fine dark hair falling into his face. Letters that had arrived, with unfailing regularity, Aunt Angeline had burned unopened; she had not been able to deal so summarily with the Alaric of her mind's eye.

But now, behind closed lids, in delight fast approaching rapture, she saw not Uncle Alaric, but an almond tree in blossom—a fairy-tale tree, decked out in pearly pink, when no other tree yet flowered.

And it seemed to my Great-aunt Angeline that if she could, in the mornings of early April, wake to the sight of the little almond tree blowing against a sky of tight-stretched turquoise silk, then life would be easy and simple.

"Buy the house now, George," she said in a voice that trembled. "Buy the house now and let's be married at once!"

George blinked. Angeline's urgency, if a whit lacking in maidenly reserve, was nevertheless flattering. George patted his little woman on the shoulder, as if to say, "There—there!"

Yet time moved on with George and Angeline still unmarried.

There was, George said, so much to do to the house.

George wanted everything of the best, and the best of everything.

There were mantelpiece draperies to be hand-painted (orange blossom upon pale green silk, white silk fringed, and weighted with carved wood balls); wallpapers to be chosen (salmon pink flowers upon chocolate, sage green stripes upon maroon, white cranes and red flamingoes upon a ground of deep, rich blue; this last described as of "high merit and tone"); stained glass panes to insert in windows; modern-gothic wash-



"Well, I suppose they do have it tough during the spring and summer months when nobody wears a hat or coat."

stands to run to earth; gasoliers to be purchased with half a dozen more light-globes capped upon them than could be boasted by anyone else round about.

The furniture had to be just so. (Aunt Angeline privately planned to have her maids turn out the rooms to chalk marks, since George's favorite axiom was "a place for everything, and everything in its place.")

George could not, it seemed, spend too much time or trouble upon the choosing of furniture—the piece de resistance being a sideboard which, my Great-aunt Angeline said, most closely resembled Cologne Cathedral.

It started with a sort of spire and worked down through an oval mirror to three modestly draped ladies holding shelves upon their heads. Beneath these were five drawers with lion's head handles, beneath these again five larger ladies split down their middles to form the doors of cupboards; beneath these still, tasteful representations of leaves, flowers, and elves, the whole thing standing foursquare upon lion's paw legs.

But George's real genius went into the house's floral decoration. Flowers, ferns, and indeed all types of indoor greenery were, my Aunt Angeline said, very much the mode at that time.

George chose hanging baskets for maidenhair, rustic window boxes, brass jardinières, flourishing aspidistras, and a Wardian case ("one of the greatest inventions of modern times"), an elegantly carved pedestal upon which especially delicate flowers might bloom under glass.

Please turn to page 44

add Mylady's
"Camouflage"
to your make-up
TO HIDE SKIN BLEMISHES
An antiseptic cream
that heals while it conceals

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89 YEARS OLD Plays Piano Hours Daily!

GIVES CREDIT FOR BRIGHT, ALERT HEALTH TO KRUSCHEN.

Mrs. Mary Foote, "Bonnie Doon," 7 Darby St., Baywater, W.A., lives a full, active life—thanks to Kruschen, according to this letter from her daughter, Mrs. Esme McDougall.

READ WHAT SHE SAYS.

"My mother (Mrs. Mary Foote) was 89 years last September and does 2 hours every morning at the piano, doing nothing but classics. She loves motor drives any time of day or night. Knits baby layette sets, tating and crochet. You should see her at a crowded table playing Radio Rummy, the brightest one at the table; she reads 3 books a week, never wants to go to bed. When anyone asks her who she gives credit to, her reply is "Kruschen Salts" for all her activities. For the past 40 odd years she has had 4 teaspoons daily.

COULDN'T DO MY JOB.

Writes Mrs. E. Wynn, Paddington, N.S.W. "Now I take regular doses of Kruschen, and rheumatic pains no longer make my life a constant misery—Kruschen keeps me fit."

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Mrs. MARY FOOTE, 89 years old, gives credit to Kruschen for her good health.

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Are you on top of the world, fighting fit, full of the joy of living? Or are you dragged down by the lassitude, the rheumatic and muscular pains, that are so often due to wastes poisoning the system? Start taking Kruschen tomorrow!

3 WAYS TO TAKE KRUSCHEN

* Medicinal Dose for rheumatism, gout, lumbago—a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water daily. * The "Little Daily Dose"—as much as will cover a response to insulin in your morning cup of tea.



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The Almond Tree

GEORGE was determined to have his drawing-room fireplace filled in summer with fern-fronds upon which a fountain should play. The plumbing system at Blenheim Towers was not of the most amenable, and though Aunt Angeline, who had from childhood loved all growing things, valued her fiancé's tender if fashionable regard for plants, she began to fear that their wedding day would never arrive.

Or perhaps she secretly feared that Alaric would.

"One cannot hurry these things!" George very properly said, when she demurred. "We shall, after all, be spending our lives at Blenheim Towers."

Aunt Angeline, who in those days stood about a good deal with her eyes shut, seeing the almond tree, murmured in agitation, "We shall miss the spring!"

"My dear," answered George, in tones that touched rebuke, "there will be other years..."

The wedding was finally fixed for the first day of May.

Spring came late that year, and the almond tree had only just budded when Great-aunt Angeline's wedding presents began to arrive. What with writing thank-you letters, running back and forth to the house to admire George's latest acquisitions, fitting her trousseau, and moulding herself into a suitable frame of mind, Aunt Angeline had not much time for repining or regret.

But on a Wednesday evening, three days before the wedding, Alaric arrived.

He arrived boldly at the front door and was shown by a harassed maid into the breakfast room at "The Willows," where Great-aunt Angeline was unpacking a pair of cloisonné vases to place each side of a plump cupid (cosily regarding, from the edge of an open shell, a plumper nymph asleep) and a crystal and silver epergne.

Alaric looked no different and, indeed, was no different. He had, he said, saved seventeen pounds and

Continued from page 43

got a job with a ten-shilling rise. He had intended to make the nest-egg twenty but, he observed, there didn't seem to be time.

This gargantuan effort he clearly believed should make Aunt Angeline count the world well lost for love.

Aunt Angeline pointed out that, all other arguments apart, she was, in three days, to be married to George.

"That blockhead? Oh, nonsense!" Uncle Alaric cheerfully said.

This time, however, my Great-aunt Angeline was forewarned. As he stepped forward to take her into his arms, she adroitly avoided his embrace, averted her lips from his persuading kiss, rang the bell, bade the maid show Alaric out, ate an excellent supper and, so far as her family could observe, after it went untroubled to bed.

But darkness plays strange tricks. That night, as wind howled and rain beat down; as lightning flashed across the sky with a drama which my Aunt Angeline could not help but consider a little overdone, feelings of love and longing and tenderness wormed their way into my Aunt Angeline's heart.

When she slept, it was to dream of an almond tree which, both absurdly and upsettingly, seemed to have a wet cornfield smell.

Still, morning came; and sanity again.

One last task remained; to meet George by appointment at "Blenheim Towers" and help him choose the hand-painted doorplates which, since he had as usual already completed purchase, she knew better than to decry.

Aunt Angeline sped her way along the roads with a firm, light tread, a determined glint in her eye, and on her face what she herself described as a plump, self-righteous smile. The world well lost for love was one thing; Aunt Angeline considered love well lost for the world.

As she rounded the end of the



MISS HELEN ASPINALL

... Crosby Hall appeal

WOMEN graduates of Sydney University have formed a committee, of which Helen Aspinall is secretary, to raise funds to help finance additions and improvements to Crosby Hall, Chelsea, England. Originally the home of Sir Thomas More, religious martyr, in reign of Henry VIII, Crosby Hall was moved from London and re-erected in Chelsea in 1926 as a place of residence for visiting women graduates from world universities. Since the end of the war 170 Australian women have stayed there. Alterations are expected to cost £400,000.

Interesting People



CAPTAIN A. R. PEDDER, R.N.

... naval-air expert

NEW Fourth Member of the Australian Naval Board is naval-air authority, 45-year-old Captain A. R. Pedder, R.N., formerly Director of Plans at the British Admiralty. He arrives in Melbourne with his wife next month. An naval-air observer and meteorologist, since before war has been one of Britain's leaders in development of naval aviation. Important posts since graduating from Dartmouth Naval College in 1921, after brilliant cadetship, include Assistant Director Naval-Air Division and command of R.N. carrier Khedive.



MISS ALMA ROYALTON-KISCH

... woman surveyor

HOLIDAYING in Australia, where she will confer with town and house-planning authorities in all States, is Alma Royalton-Kisch, of England, a chartered surveyor, and last year only woman delegate to the International Conference of Surveyors, held at Lausanne. She was the first woman to win the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors' post-graduate research scholarship and has travelled and lectured in Europe and the U.S.A. She studied at Newnham College, Cambridge, and gained her Dip. Agric. in Estate Management.

road, there stood "Blenheim Towers," four-square to the April sky of tight-stretched silk. Though it had rained, blown, and hailed in the night, this was spring calm after storm. Gables, cupolas, battlemented balconies, and globed pillars stood out only a little less nightmarishly than she recalled.

Aunt Angeline counted her blessings and kept her smile steady.

Until she turned in at the gate.

For there in the drive stood George, and there at his side stood Bates, the gardener, shoe-deep in fallen almond blossom, and between them swayed the almond tree as if

in a hurricane, though no wind stirred.

"One more and we have it!" Angeline heard George say.

Bates stood upright; his arms described a half-circle; Aunt Angeline saw the axe.

There came the sound of steel on wood and the little almond tree crashed to the ground.

The skies fell; the world stopped turning; riy Great-aunt Angeline put her hand to her heart.

"What have you done, George?" she cried.

George flicked from his immaculate shoulder a last pink petal.

"Untidy!" he said with the utmost good humor as he surveyed the fallen almond tree. "Makes too much mess!"

Fifty years after, Great-aunt Angeline stood at my side, lifting her face to just such another almond tree in fullest flower.

"Your Uncle Alaric and I," she said, "shared some wonderful weather. But, oh dear—poor George—even now when I see an almond tree... even now I don't know whether to laugh or cry!"

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Buy Lux Toilet Soap in the luxurious big bath size today—and help yourself to an all-over beauty treatment every single day.

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Use "Sellotape" for fixing shell material. Looks clean and fresh—suitable for use in food cupboards, etc.

'Sellotape'



Mend your torn lampshades with "Sellotape". It's neat and unobtrusive.

'Sellotape'



There's no limit to the number of jobs "Sellotape" can do in the home and in the office. It's easy to use—sticks at touch. Seal without water. Ask your Stationer!

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WHEN waste matter is allowed to accumulate in the colon it has three effects. It weakens the muscular power of the body to remove it. It creates poisonous products which through the circulation reach every cell in the body. It forms a breeding-ground for germs by the millions. That is the reason high authority to-day regards constipation as primarily responsible for eighty-five cases in every hundred of serious illness. Why specialists all over the world have made internal cleanliness their slogan.

Coloseptic overcomes the possibility of Autotoxins—from the waste auto (self), toxin (poison)—by inducing better internal cleanliness.

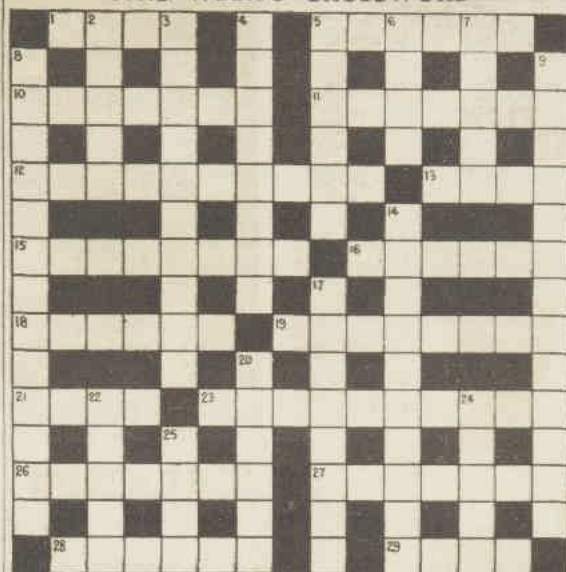
Coloseptic is the product of intensive research to find a remedy which would combat constipation at its source, the colon. A level teaspoonful in a glass of water, morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained.

COLOSEPTIC FOR BETTER INTERNAL CLEANNESS

At all chemists and stores.



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

- Act with ease in the divine (4).
- I follow an alternative with a disturbed half-score for the East (6).
- Pine dog and metal (7).
- Lead ashtray consumed by an old man of War (7).
- Bald in a wig (Anagr. 3, 7).
- Cabin of female five hundred (4).
- Known when a musically loud French friend is followed by an untruthful person (8).
- Have vehicle in these French disturbed (6).
- Customs owns inside small piece (6).
- Book of the Bible (8).
- Crossing the sea at Lincolnshire (4).
- Below below T down (10).
- Accurate till are disturbed (7).
- Repeat by repeating the middle of 20 across before and French back (7).
- Conduct a newspaper to ride in better order (6).
- Check, canonical printer's measure (4).



Solution to last week's crossword.

DOWN

- Confer power with finish in the beginning (5).
- Stability with the disturbed Scales and 1, 3, 6 obligation (10).
- Diana went into the Land of Promise for a North American (8).
- Shock of provide for (8).
- Plover of Egyptian god in the eye (4).
- Below tidy aspiration (5).
- Will, he off clad (Anagr. 4, 2, 3, 4).

- To step into them is to inherit (4, 4).
- Street cleaner of one hundred who retaine in steamship (10).
- Fruit of verdant mixed spirit (8).
- Flakeman whose leg ran in a jumble (6).
- Outwards and get gathered (5).
- Humiliate a foundation (12).
- The King and 2 before tea of small parties (10).

NELLIE BLY . . .

Continued from page 18

HER husband died in 1910, and Nellie's holiday soon ended. She thought herself as clever at business as she was at journalism, and refused her lawyer's advice.

Her husband had left her millions and a factory which made steel articles. But bad business methods, litigation, and dishonest employees soon relieved Nellie of her money. She went bankrupt three times and was accused by her creditors of fraud.

She refused to believe that she had lost all her money; she fought battles in courts against this person and that; she accused her brother of having cheated her; she went off to Austria, met more trouble there, so returned to America—and she developed into a complete shrew.

She returned to journalism but never repeated her early successes.

In January, 1923, she recaptured a little of her former glory by being the first woman in 29 years to see an execution in New York State.

The victim was a young murderer named Gordon Hamby, and before he died he sent Nellie his ouija-board with a note: "A slight remembrance, all I have at this time, for your infinite kindness and friendship."

When he went to the chair he smoked a cigarette given him by Nellie, who was in a corner seat and shut her eyes when the current was turned on.

• "Ladies of the Press," by Ishbel Ross, gives an entertaining account of the career of Nellie Bly.

Next day, in the "New York Journal," she wrote:

"Horrible! Horrible! Horrible! Hamby is dead. The law has been carried out—presumably the law is satisfied. Thou Shalt Not Kill. Was that Commandment meant alone for Hamby? Or did it mean all of us? I only know that I kept repeating, 'Thou Shalt Not Kill! Thou Shalt Not Kill!' . . . The horrorfulness of life and death. Through my mind flitted the thought that one time this young boy going to the death chair had been welcomed by some fond mother. He had been a babe, lo, loved and cherished. And this is the end . . ."

But Nellie's day was done. There was a new, enthusiastic crop of women reporters and she was a newspaper legend. If she cared about this she did not show it.

She became a woman of mystery who kept to her own office in the "New York Journal," never lounged about the city room, always wore a large hat and chenille dotted veil, and concentrated on finding homes for abandoned children.

Early in January, 1922, her tired body went down with pneumonia and she died on January 28. She was 56, lonely and friendless.

"The World" gave her a half-column obituary on an inside page, and described her as "the most spectacular star the paper ever had." She was a woman of indomitable will who believed implicitly in herself.

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THE "Overnight Laxative"

WITH THE TONIC ACTION



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4 out of 5, young or old, may get it.

Does your toothbrush sometimes warn of bleeding gums? If so, get busy—you may be a victim of dreaded Pyorrhea, arch enemy of teeth and gums. See your dentist as soon as you can. Meantime, at home, massage gums and brush twice daily with Forhan's, the only toothpaste with the special anti-Pyorrhea astringent of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. Start to-day to guard your teeth and gums with



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The only toothpaste with the special anti-Pyorrhea astringent. Price 1/10. Extra large tube, 2/9. A. & A. Agent: E. J. Forhan Drug Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

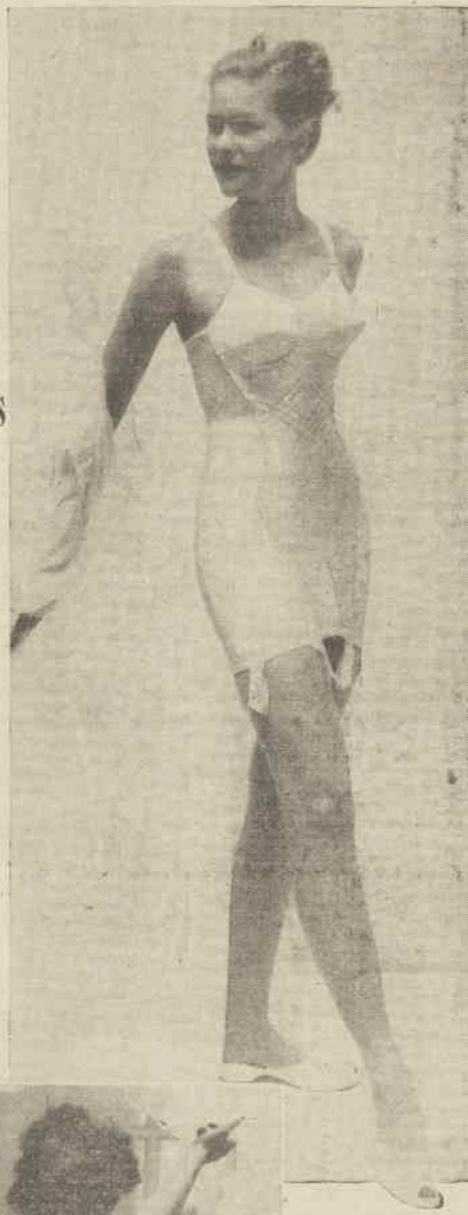
You don't need "pull" to be an important figure in WARNER'S Free-Lift Corselettes

Like all Warner's Le Gant lovelies, these exquisite corselettes are 3-Way-Sized. You can choose your very own length, your very own hip size, and just the control you want.

There's a secret to the free 'n easy control of these satin elastic beauties. The Free-Lift bra actually lifts free from the corselette section . . . moves as you move, keeps you blissfully comfortable while it controls your curves.

Warner's Free-Lift corselettes are styled for every figure; just see what lovely things the one designed for you will do! At finer stores everywhere.

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Foundations and Bras



Warner's Le Gant Free-Lift Corselettes, A3E29B, A3E30B, A3E40C. In Two Way-One Way stretch elastic and satin elastic, bust section of nylon marquisette.



BARRY SULLIVAN, Bette Davis, and Betty Lynn, who plays Miss Davis' daughter in R.K.O.'s "Story of Divorce," in a luncheon discussion at the studio just before filming began on the picture.

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ The Undercover Man

THIS film from Columbia is an interesting and dramatic documentary-type affair about the operations of the U.S. Treasury department in breaking up large-scale tax evasion activities.

Basically, it is the story of how Al Capone was brought to justice, though his name is not directly mentioned.

Glenn Ford gives a smooth, matter-of-fact performance as a Treasury investigator with a penchant for detective work. By wisely underplaying his part, he brings to it an appropriate ring of authenticity.

As co-workers who help to spring the trap which secures the gangster's conviction, James Whitmore and David Wolfe are both sound and convincing, but the plum supporting role goes to Barry Kelley, as the gang's insolent mouthpiece.

In what may be classed as a man's film, talented Nina Foch has little to do as the investigator's wife, except worry over the impending danger to her husband, and look attractive.

In Sydney—the Victory.

★★ Francis

UNIVERSAL'S film about a talking mule which weighs into Burma warfare and takes an ingenuous army lieutenant into his confidence on advance military information, whilst mulishly refusing to speak to anyone else, is refreshing, engaging, and altogether daffy.

Francis has all the naive charm of Harvey, the friendly rabbit, plus a decided personality that accrues to him from the crummy voice of Chill Wills, which is expertly dubbed-in for the dialogue.

Although the animal-joke runs thin occasionally, the talents of a seasoned cast tide it over safely.

Likeable Donald O'Connor is a decided success as the green soldier whose insistence upon bestowing credit for various heroic deeds upon his animal friend puts him back on the lunacy list at regular intervals, and harasses his superior officers until Francis finally breaks down and talks with the general (John McIntyre).

Among others who contribute to the farce are Zasu Pitts as a typical, fluttery nurse, Ray Collins, Edouard Franz, and Robert Warwick, with Patricia Medina figuring as an alluring spy.

In Sydney—the Lyceum.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average

★ Paper Orchid

IT is a tough assignment to follow with anything approaching ease this Columbia-British murder mystery, which has a Fleet Street background.

It's about a pretty county girl who arrives in London attired as though for a garden party, and talks a hard-boiled (or is he?) newspaper editor into giving her a job on his staff.

Giving her only sufficient time to make good as a gossip writer, their titled employer dies, his elderly wife assumes control of the publication, and trouble sets in.

From here the story rambles along until a corpse is found in the girl's Mews flat. The manner in which the crime is solved is unconvincing.

There is a modern romance between handsome newcomer Hy (short for Hyacinth) Hazell and Hugh Williams, and a gallery of other characters appear with varying success.

In Sydney—the Variety.



JOHN MILLS chats with Noel Coward on a sound stage at Pinewood Studios. These two first met in Malaya in the 1930's. Later Coward introduced Mills to C. B. Cochran, and a leading juvenile role in a Cochran revue started John on the road to fame.

FUNNYMAN



JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. He rescues a would-be suicide, FRANK CONWAY, who tells him he lost his memory five years ago, was befriended by a farmer. His memory returned when he was injured rescuing the farmer's daughter from a charging bull.

*As I Read
the
STARS*
by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): Hold back on all important plans until after Friday. There are beneficial changes due from the week-end which could lead to improved conditions in your financial affairs.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Difficulties and delays are likely on April 19 and 20. However, excellent opportunities should start from April 22, enabling you to exert your personality and initiative more freely, with beneficial results.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): You will gain more by going quietly this week. Plan and prepare as you near Saturday, but don't expect immediate results. Your efforts will be well rewarded before the month is out.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Your contact with others could lead to some beneficial ideas, suggestions, contracts, or agreements this week. Concentrate over the week-end for best results. You are approaching one of your luckiest cycles.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Many interesting and important events are possible with your destiny cycle, starting from April 21 and lasting for four weeks. Saturday should start things moving in the right direction.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): During April 19 and 20 you may find yourself finalising many things that have outgrown their usefulness. Over the week-end you should be rather successful with some new plans or personal activity.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Not much luck visible until after Friday, which heralds a new cycle of events. Get busy with all money plans—your financial prospects are due for a lift. April 22 to 24 lucky.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Your affairs are subject to delay until April 21. After this, partners and associates can be very helpful. Shared interests promise happiness or financial gain. Grasp opportunities on Saturday.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Your adverse dates are April 19 to 21. Beneficial from April 22 to 25. Use this period to start new work or tone up health. You are entering one of your most promising cycles for the year.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): After April 21 your affairs are on the upward grade. Choose this period to make important decisions regarding home, family, property, housing, and long-term agreements.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Social activity or romance can be very bright as the week-end approaches, although prior to this you may feel a little depressed or out of sorts. Any speculative interests are favourable from Saturday.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Jupiter of good fortune moves into your ascendant this week, promising quite a run of good luck for most Pisceans. Start planning from April 22 for the things you want most.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.]

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Page 47



a flawless complexion



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Why sigh for perfect complexion when beauty is at your finger-tips! Simply apply Film Finish Cake Make-Up. It goes on so evenly and easily, giving the skin a silken smoothness that needs no retouching... not even if you dance, surf, or play in the sun. Four exquisite shades.

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Lovelier skin in 14 days!



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can look for these
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THE PALMOLIVE PLAN
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skin • Fresher colour

HERE'S THE PLAN THE DOCTORS PROVE
Wash your face with Palmolive
soap. Then for 60 seconds, massage
your clean face with Palmolive's
soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this
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cleansing massage will bring your
skin, Palmolive's full beautifying
effect.



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PS 100

Triple Academy Award winner



MERCEDES McCAMBRIDGE (above), top-flight
radio and stage actress, who won the "best supporting
actress" award in her first screen appearance.

BRODERICK CRAWFORD (left) as he appears in
the role of Governor Willie Stark, for which he re-
ceived the 1949 Motion Picture Academy Award.

"All the King's Men" story of American politics

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences
recently named Broderick Crawford best actor of 1949
for his performance in Columbia's "All the King's Men."

It also named the film as best picture of the year at the twenty-
second Academy Award ceremony held in Hollywood.

MAKING her film debut in
the same picture, radio and
stage star Mercedes McCam-
bridge won the award for best
supporting actress.

Written for the screen, produced,
and directed by Robert Rossen, the
screenplay is based upon the Pulitzer
Prize novel by Robert Penn Warren.

There has been much speculation
in identifying the central figure of
the novel, Willie Stark. In some
quarters it is believed that he is a
double for Huey Long, big-shot poli-
tician and one-time United States
senator.

Of the book and the film Robert
Penn Warren says: "It is not a story
of any particular man; there have
been many of his type in the United
States and throughout the world.

"This is a story of corruption
through power, corruption of ideal-
istic aims by means of sheer evil."

It is for his performance as Willie
Stark, the backwoods idealist who
becomes a bludgeoning bigwig of
American power politics, that Bro-
derick Crawford won the 1949 Oscar.

Apart from Broderick Crawford
and Mercedes McCambridge, who
plays Sadie Burke, Willie's secretary,
the important cast members in "All

the King's Men" are John Ireland as
Jack Burden, a newspaperman;
Joanne Dru as Anne Stanton, the
romantic interest; John Derek as
Stark's son Tom; Shepperd Strud-
wick plays Adam Stanton, who
eventually catches up with Willie.
Ann Seymour has the part of Willie's
wife, Lucy.

"They say I stole a hundred
thousand dollars," Governor Willie
Stark cries over the radio when the
legislature starts to impeach him for
misdeemeanors in office, incompet-
ence, corruption, favoritism, and a
dozen other things.

"They are wrong! I stole more!
But I stole it for you..." is his
startling confession.

When Jack Burden, a young jour-
nalist, first encounters Willie Stark,
he is impressed by an eloquent,
forthright, and sincere personality.
Willie, a man of the people, seeks
election to represent their cause, but
fails.

Jack, along with Anne and Adam
Stanton, his childhood friends, has
grown up at Burden's Landing,
under the watchful eye of old Judge
Stanton, brother of one of the
former governors of their State.
Jack's mother has married for money,



FAMILY MAN. Broderick Crawford with John Derek and Ann Sey-
mour, who play his son Tom and wife Lucy in Robert Rossen's pro-
duction of "All the King's Men."

Amateurs as extras

OVER 500 amateur extras a
day were employed by
Robert Rossen as small-town
background characters for "All
the King's Men." They were
recruited through newspaper
advertisements for "people who
look like people," because
Rossen believes that this
naturalistic method of film-
making, which he tested pre-
viously, gives a picture more
power.

and he leaves the Landing for a
job on a newspaper.

The next time Willie Stark runs
for governor he is aided by Jack's
stories, coupled with the earthy ad-
vice of Sadie Burke, political power-
behind-the-scenes.

He nearly makes it—when Sadie
reveals he has just been used to
split the vote. They commiserate
with him as he is defeated at the
polls, but Willie is not dismayed.
He has now found out how to win.

When Willie Stark does become
governor, his presence is felt and
seen everywhere across the length
and breadth of the land. "My study
is the heart of the people," declares
Willie, and the people believe him.

Jack Burden's pen, Sadie Burke's
constant vigilance, and the will of
the people enable spellbinder Stark
to ride roughshod over the opposi-
tion, and he soon has their leaders
in his pocket.

With swaggering, consummate
confidence, he sweeps on to new
achievements. His wife, his son, his
confederates have to obey a ruthless
code, whose principal tenet is
"Willie's law is our law." Willie
brake those who would not obey him.

There is a mounting crescendo of
excitement and suspense as Stark
leads some through evil to their
doom, while others survive his down-
fall to give worthwhile service to the
nation.

In the finale, even aristocratic
Anne Stanton forsakes her own true
love, Jack Burden, for the irresist-
ible Willie.

But the final conflict is between
the man of action and the man of
ideas in the person of Anne's
brother, Adam.

Adam dies to destroy the legend
that Willie is a great man, and after
it is all over Jack Burden remains
to see that the destruction of that
legend is completed.

"All the King's Men" is ready for
immediate Australian release.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 22, 1950

Candid . . .



• Star team **JUNE ALLYSON** and husband **DICK POWELL** (M.G.M.). First film as team was so successful they are co-starred again in "Right Cross."



• Family trio **ESTHER WILLIAMS** (M.G.M.) with husband **Ben Gage** and very junior son, **Ben Stanton**. Esther considers film work an aid to happy marriage.



• Drama interests **JANE GREER** (R.K.O.), who was born and trained in Washington, D.C. An attractive brunette, Jane has sung with various top-flight bands.



• Singers **KATHRYN GRAYSON** (M.G.M.) and husband **JOHNNIE JOHNSON** in their library. Grand opera and concert work are ambitions.



• Versatile **JEAN PETERS** (Fox) won a trip to Hollywood. She remained in California, has a starring role with Paul Douglas in "Love That Brute."

FILM STARS AT HOME

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worsted-like fashion fabric, light and
warm, with smooth tailored lines—
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FROM ALL LEADING FASHION STORES



1 BILLETED in a convent when his staff is transferred to Vienna, Colonel Nicobar (Walter Pidgeon), army officer with a reputation for tackling difficult situations, is surprised when shown quarters by Mother Superior (Ethel Barrymore).



2 STAFF MEMBERS Audrey Quail (Angela Lansbury) and Major "Twingo" McPhimister (Peter Lawford) become friends.



3 CHAPEL of the convent is first meeting place of Twingo and beautiful Maria Buhlen (Janet Leigh). Although she slips away before he can speak to her, it is love at first sight for them both.



4 BALLET rehearsal reveals that Maria is one of the leading dancers in the troupe. Intrigued by the girl's aloofness, Twingo McPhimister secures Audrey's help in order to get to know her.

THE RED DANUBE . . .



5 MEETING between young couple is finally arranged, and Twingo finds she is unhappy. She formerly escaped from Russia, where she was a prima ballerina.

THIS Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production is a strong, emotional story of Communist tactics in compelling Russian nationals to return to their homeland. It is based on the novel by Bruce Marshall.

Post-war Vienna is the locale, during the days when Occupation Forces from both England and Russia were stationed in the Austrian capital. The army officer who represents the British Government in the handling of displaced persons is the central figure.

Long and intensive preparations went into securing authentic backgrounds, costumes, and uniforms for the production. Miklos Rozsa, twice Academy Award winner for his music, did the score for "The Red Danube."

Ethel Barrymore was feted on the final day of the picture, when she celebrated her seventieth birthday, and rounded out fifty-five years of acting.



6 REFUGE at convent ends when Russian Col. Pimiev (Louis Calhern) demands Maria's surrender.



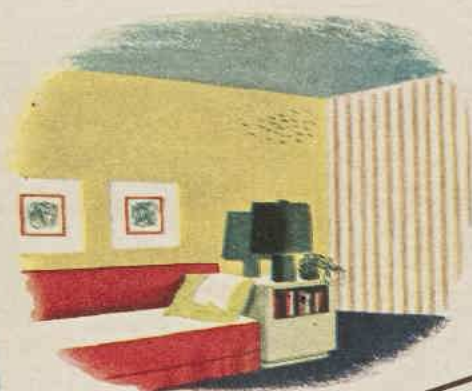
7 FORCIBLE removal of Maria with truckload of other Russian subjects, despite Pimiev's assurances she would be returned home with honor, shocks Colonel Nicobar into seeking United Nations' intervention.



8 JUMPING from window rather than be repatriated, Maria is injured. Colonel Nicobar announces there will be no more forcible repatriations—too late to help.

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Two Bargains in Nutrition

by ELIZABETH COOKE, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.



Cheese Tart

Make a dough with 4 ozs. Krusto Pastry Mix and line a tart dish. Prick all over with a fork. Flute edges and bake in a hot oven until lightly browned. Melt 6 ozs. Kraft Cheese in a saucepan with half a

cup of milk, add 1 teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce and 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion. Pour into pastry shell and place in a moderate oven until cheese is lightly browned.

This recipe combines the crispness and flavour of golden pastry with the outstanding nutriment of Kraft Cheese—eleven times richer in calcium than cream, more protein and calories than meat! Kraft Cheese is a splendid source of phosphorus and vitamins A, B₂ and D as well.



Cheddar Creme

1 pint milk; 2 tablespoons butter or margarine; 3 tablespoons flour; 4 ozs. grated Kraft Cheese; 1 tablespoon chopped celery; 1 tablespoon chopped onion; 1 tablespoon diced carrot; 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley; 1 cup water or chicken stock.

Melt half the butter or margarine, add flour and blend smoothly. Gradually add milk, stirring constantly. Bring to boil, add cheese and remove from heat. Melt remaining butter in another pan. Add celery, onion and carrot. Cook

gently until lightly browned. Add water or stock. Combine the two mixtures, reheat and add parsley. Serves four.

Like all cooked cheese dishes, this recipe depends for success on Kraft Cheese—the one cheese that melts so smoothly, cooks so delightfully without losing its fine cheddar flavour.

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CM02

Continuing...

The Little Princesses

from page 33

It was difficult to know how to pass the time. The place was packed with silent and often weeping people. It was a depressing business in the naturally gloomy and vaulted station for a little girl to endure.

A kindly stationmaster put us into his private room, where we once again played endless games of noughts and crosses on Great Western Railway note paper.

From time to time I felt anxious about Lilibet, for she was very white. But children have a way of taking these trying events in their stride.

When we heard the bands playing and saw the gun carriage covered with the Union Jack come slowly into sight, for a moment she realised what it all meant, and her small face quivered. But a wonderful diversion occurred at exactly the right moment.

One of the sailors marching there fainted just below us. The ranks on either side of him immediately closed in on him holding him up and marching him along with the rest.

Lilibet was so enchanted with the cleverness of this proceeding that the sad moment passed.

I wished the young sailor who fainted could have known what a diversion he caused for a little girl on a sad day.

I had to take Lilibet down on to the platform where she was to join her father and mother on the Windsor train.

Here I struck a snag we had not thought of. All the Royal ladies were draped from head to foot in black crepe, their faces covered.

I stood for a moment, lost and bewildered, very conscious of my uncovered face and not quite certain what to do next.

The Duchess realised my difficulty. She raised one hand and beckoned to us. Lilibet ran over and stood there, holding on to her with

that look on her small face I knew so well.

She did not much like this, but she meant to go through with it, making no fuss.

After the funeral, life settled down quickly for the children, who, happily, soon forgot.

Let it not be thought that all was sweetness and light in our schoolroom all the time. These were two entirely normal and healthy little girls, and we had our difficulties.

Neither was above taking a whack at her adversary, if roused, and Lilibet was quick with her left hook! Margaret was more of a close-in fighter, known to bite on occasions.

More than once have I been shown a hand bearing the royal teeth marks.

They scrapped over their toys in an entirely healthy manner from time to time. Then slaps were administered and never mind by whom.

Schoolroom brawls often started when they had to wear hats. They hated hats. This put them in a bad humor, and they would snap each other's elastic spitefully to register disapproval, to shrill cries of "You brute! You beast!"

We kept these scenes from the Duchess. She was herself so sweet and gentle. So I would remove the contestants, when disputes arose, to finish the bout upstairs. "Margaret always wants what I want," was the common complaint.

Of the two children, Lilibet was the one with the temper, but it was under control. Margaret was often naughty, but she had a gay, bouncing way with her which was hard to deal with.

She would often defy me with a sidelong look, make a scene and kiss and be friends and all forgiven and forgotten.

Lilibet was less easy, but she always had the more character of the two.

The Duke was immensely proud of her. He had a way of looking at her that was touching.

But Margaret brought delight into his life.

She was a plaything. She was warm and demonstrative, made to be cuddled and played with.

At one time he would be almost embarrassed, yet at the same time most touched and pleased when she wound her arms round his neck, nestled against him and cuddled and caressed him. He was not a demonstrative man.

Lilibet took after him. She, too, was reserved and quiet about her feelings. If you once gained her love and affection you had it forever, but she never gave it easily.

Only once did she walk right into my arms, thinking of nothing but that for the moment she had to have a little comforting.

That was when she came into my room, very white and wide-eyed.

"Oh, Crawfie, Grandfather Strathmore is dead," she said, and burst into tears.

Lord Strathmore, the Duchess' father, was a most gentle and humorous person.

He was a countryman through and through. He timed all his movements by country things—the coming of the migrants, the wild geese on the river, the rising of the sap.

This gave a particular atmosphere to Glamis itself, so that you felt you were much nearer to reality and nature there than any other place.

He always made cocoa for his breakfast himself, ate plum pudding for lunch every day of his life, and always had beside him at meals a small jug of water with which he diluted his wine.

The little girls adored him, and



A SLIPPERY-DIP for small Princesses Elizabeth (at back) and Margaret Rose. Both little girls were fun-loving and active.



THE QUEEN introduces her two daughters to an official at a Horse Show. The Princesses accompanied their parents on official occasions from the time they were very young.

SECOND INSTALMENT of this fascinating story of the little Princesses, written by the governess who for 16 years shared their lives, will be published next week. In it Miss Crawford will tell what the abdication of Edward VIII—the beloved Uncle David—meant to the Royal Family, and how it changed the course of the lives of Elizabeth and Margaret Rose.

had forgotten to warn us that he had put all his best chrysanthemums ready for the flower show in there. The pony ate the lot.

It was on Glamis railway-station platform the little girls first discovered chewing gum.

A cousin who was staying there with them initiated them into its wonderful possibilities.

Trains are few and far between there, and we had lots of time to place crossed pins, stuck together with gum, on the lines, and wait for the next train through to turn them into enchanting little scissors.

The woods round Glamis were mostly gold and scarlet with autumn when we went there. There were wonderful crimson toadstools growing there, that looked as though they had been sugared over on top.

We felt certain they must be deadly poison, until, one day, sitting very quiet on a fallen tree there, we saw a large rabbit come out, and painstakingly nibble all round one of them, then polish his whiskers and amble happily away!

Those times at Glamis were really restful holidays for all of us.

There were no eyes at the railings, there were no crowds except the birds.

There were endless dressing-up chests full of old-fashioned frocks and tapestries, and hats of other days, and pieces of silk, and room after room, and passage after passage in which to play hide-and-seek and sardines.

It was a fascinating place for children, and if the Thane of Glamis and the harking monster left their shadows over it for some, they never depressed us at all.

I don't know who was more sorry when the Glamis holidays came to an end, the children or I.

Both Lilibet and Margaret went through a tiresome time between the ages of six and twelve when they bit their nails. What struggles I had with them over this!

The business of curing them wasn't made any easier for me, either, when one day, at some function the children attended, we saw Mr. Chamberlain himself with his fingers in his mouth, gnawing away. (His nanny, apparently, had had less success than I hoped to achieve.)

Both Lilibet and Margaret nudged me in shocked and triumphant delight. Obviously, if the Prime Minister could do it, and indulge to his heart's content in his furious sport, why not they?

They took great interest in the various prominent people who came and went, and passed some astonishingly acute judgments, too, on this one or that, from their perch on the top of the well under the dome at 145.

Already Lilibet was developing a charming little manner of her own in company, and she made the most brave efforts to model herself on her mummy and always say the right thing at the right time. This was charming, but not always entirely successful.

One day, Ramsay MacDonald bent low over her small hand, and she said, in that clear, ringing voice of hers:

"I saw you in 'Punch' this morning, Mr. MacDonald, leading a flock of geese!"

Mr. MacDonald gave her a wan smile.

To be continued



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Dark Fire . . . Victorian Rose . . .
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Raving Beauty.

A.P. 3-18

He forgot to say
POTTER'S
ANTI-SHRINK



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POTTER'S
ANTI-SHRINK
SHIRTS

MADE BY
Pelaco

STOP THINKING ABOUT SHRINKING

PE. 17, 18

Legends of Glamis Castle

he them, but they confided to me that his whiskers tickled.

He had a flowing silky moustache which he divided carefully in the centre before kissing them.

Until he was very old indeed, he used to ride his pony into the woods and cut and tidy the trees. One of the keepers went with him. Sometimes on our walks we would come across the two of them, talking together as friends.

Glamis (pronounced "Glarmes") Castle stands in its own large grounds on the east coast of Scotland, between Edinburgh and Aberdeen. Sir John Lyon, founder of the family, who was Keeper of the Privy Seal to the King of Scotland, in 1371, was granted what was then called the thanage of Glamis the following year.

Like Windsor, the castle started life as a fortress. It dates from 1033. Here dwelt Macbeth, who was by no means the entirely vicious character Shakespeare makes him out to be in his play of that name.

The real Macbeth, though admittedly he murdered Duncan, was otherwise a good enough king, as kings went in those days.

Far from meeting a speedy death, as in the play, his reign lasted for seventeen years and he gained the respect of his people.

But there are tales enough, apart from that one, about the castle.

Malcolm II was killed there, and the Old Pretender stayed there in 1716. A Grey Lady is said to walk at night.

And somewhere tucked away there is a small gloomy apartment called the Hangman's Room, where that worthy was put up when, as was the custom in those days, he did his rounds. Much as a judge when on circuit.

There is the famous legend of the

Glamis Monster. In some secluded tower they say it lurks, its horrid presence revealed to each heir on his attaining his majority.

At night, the old castle is certainly full of odd rattles, and wailing winds, and strange noises. But I stayed there many times, and can only say I never witnessed any of these hauntings.

There was a wonderful atmosphere there that seemed to belong to other and more peaceful days.

Life revolved round the still-room and the big kitchens where the children loved to go to taste the new-baked cakes and beg for toffee-sugar.

From dusty boxes we would unearth old forgotten treasures, photographs, old manuscripts, and books.

We would join the family for lovely, peaceful teas in the Blue Room. The Countess of Strathmore

was a wonderful personality. She was one of those people who make a happy atmosphere.

The place had for the children the added charm that their mother had spent her childhood there.

There were all the places to be visited mummy had so often spoken of. There were all the stories to hear of "when Mummy was a little girl."

The children spent happy, care-free days there, full of simple but enchanting things to do. One of our favorite expeditions was taking the pony down to Glamis station to watch the Aberdeen fish express go through.

The pony was temperamental about trains, and the stationmaster very kindly let us shut him up in the ticket office.

Unfortunately, one day when, as usual, we did this, the stationmaster

"Wintersilk"

SLUMBERWEAR

With two sides to its character

— and a good thing, too! That's what Prestige had in mind when they created the new Prestige winter pyjamas and nightgowns in dual-personality "Wintersilk." Prestige "Wintersilk" is the warmer version of famous "Summersilk," the immensely popular fabric featured in exclusive Prestige lingerie. "Wintersilk" has been specially made by Prestige to give you truly glamorous slumberwear that lacks nothing in cosy warmth.



The Nightgown

For the demure . . . draped over the bust . . . with a lovely flowing line. In inch measurements to fit all figure types perfectly. Look for your bust size in inches on the sewn-in tab.

BY **prestige**

Cosy Wintersilk fabric by Prestige is also featured in superbly cut princess slips and pantees in inch sizes to fit *your* measurements.



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And pyjamas and nightgowns in "Wintersilk" have all the most appealing features that gladden the feminine heart . . . lace trimming sweetly draped bust-lines and the delightful *Sunglow* pink shade, delicate as a winter rose.

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TOO BRIGHT a lip-rouge can defeat its purpose. Try a soft tone, and, if the face is round or plump, avoid the new cupid's bow outline. A fuller lip-line will balance better.

**Expert says — keep your
make-up feminine**

● Vamp make-up is a whimsical phase that will pass because it is hard for all but the ultra-smart and youthful, declares Hollywood make-up artist Bud Westmore.

ALLERGIC to make-up that deviates from a natural appearance, Bud says "too many girls think that if a little make-up makes them pretty, more will make them alluring.

"They are all wrong, and that is the trap with this 1950 look," he says.

Softness, naturalness, and practicability are tenets of this expert's cosmetic credo, and he gives interesting points on latest make-up trends.

There are three "best" current theories on lip make-up.

For the first, a lipstick is needed to outline the shape of the mouth, a lip-brush to fill in color, and a colorless liquid fixative as a final coat as insurance against smearing.

The second method involves the application of paste lip-rouge with the fine point of a brush, followed by a thin film of powder patted on to set the color. Then, using the first outline as a guide, another layer of rouge is added.

The third time round, a colorless lip-base is followed by a coat of lipstick put on with a cotton-wool-hooded orange-stick.

The upper-lip outline is straightened with the point of the stick, and the lower filled out with a rolling movement of the rounded end.

"Actually, there is no need for any of this fancy work, for, given lipstick or pencil, a brush, and reasonable patience, anybody can make a nice, natural mouth," Bud declares.

But never moisten the mouth before putting on color, as this causes rouge to roll and appear caked.

Do the upper lip first, starting at the bow centre with the brush, and sweeping outward to the corners, using one continuous stroke to avoid blurred edges.

When you have the desired shape and fullness, lay the brush aside, fill

in the shape with lipstick cartridge, then gently and firmly close the mouth, rolling the upper lip over the lower and imprinting its outline on the lower lip. Then fill in the lower lip within the impressed outline.

Use lip-rouge quite freely, and remove excess by pressing and biting on a piece of tissue until no color comes off on it.

If you've done all this without the hoped-for result, your fingers need educating, and the following is one way of making them dexterous.

Fill in the body of your lips lightly with lipstick and then press them against the back of your hand. Now, with the brush point, begin to outline the imprint of your mouth evenly on the back of your hand. Do this several times until you become thoroughly familiar with their shape and fullness, as well as the feel of the brush.

This is how you camouflage a blistered or split lip.

Lip color should never be used over a blister, just as make-up should never come in contact with any active skin eruption.

Simply draw the lip outline as usual with the brush toward and close to the blister area. Allow the brush to jump completely over the bump and pick up the outline again on the other side, following the contour to its conclusion.

Now fill in the space with brush-drawn color up to and around the spot of bother, which remains quite untouched.

With the other lip made up in the usual way, this trick draws attention from the trouble while it heals.

To take color off, place a liberal dab of cold cream over the unaffected part of the lip and remove it with a tissue, always moving the tissue away from either side of the blister. Repeat the smoothing, folding the tissue in constantly until all lipstick disappears.



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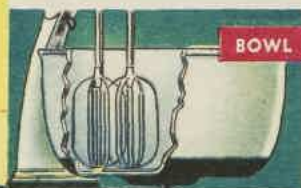
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Sunbeam Advisory Bureau: ASK CLARE COLLINS. Clare Collins, head of the Sunbeam Advisory Bureau, is ready at all times to assist Sunbeam Mixmaster owners to a better understanding of food mixing. Special recipes, helpful hints and complete answers to any queries you may have about the many uses of the Sunbeam Mixmaster are always available. Just ask Clare Collins . . . write or 'phone for details.

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FAMILY or guests will really enjoy a meal such as the one illustrated at left. The menu is tomato and oyster soup, macaroni Mexican with baked mince-stuffed onions, peas, and tomatoes, and baked Hawaiian charlotte with cream. Recipes on this page.

in tin before removing carefully. Place on serving-plate, decorate top with pineapple wedges, banana slices (coated with lemon juice to prevent discoloration), passionfruit pulp, and cherries. Serve at once with cream or cream substitute or ice-cream, nuts, and cherries.

VEAL AND LIVER CASSEROLE

One lamb's liver, 1½ lb. veal steak, 1½ tablespoons fat, 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups stock or water, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 3 tablespoons finely diced onion, salt, pepper, 1 large carrot, 3 cups cooked mashed potato, ½ cup hot milk, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, ¼ cup diced fried bacon, parsley.

Wash liver, soak in warm salted water ½ hour. Dry thoroughly, cut into slices. Trim steak, wipe with damp cloth, cut into 2 in. squares. Coat steak and liver with seasoned flour. Melt fat in heavy frying-pan, when hot add meat, brown well on all sides. Add 2 tablespoons of the onion, and any remaining flour, brown. Stir in stock or water and Worcestershire sauce, continue stirring until mixture boils and thickens. Add finely diced carrot

For Six..

and pour into casserole-dish. Cover and cook in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 1 to 1½ hours until meat is tender, or pressure-cook 20 minutes. Beat into mashed potato the remaining 1 tablespoon onion and milk. Season with salt and pepper and pile on top of meat in casserole. Dot with margarine or butter, return to hot oven until potato is heated through and top lightly browned. Sprinkle with fried bacon, garnish with parsley, serve hot with fried pineapple slices, peas or beans, and tomato slices.

CHOCOLATE CRUMB PUDDING

One and a half pints milk, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 2½ tablespoons cocoa, ¼ teaspoon coffee essence, 3 eggs, ¼ cup sugar, 8 tablespoons soft cake-crumbs or bread-crumbs, coconut.

Grease an ovenproof pudding-dish, place crumbs in base. Blend cocoa with a little of the milk. Heat balance of milk. Stir in sugar, blended cocoa, coffee essence, condensed milk, and well-beaten eggs. Pour on to breadcrumbs. Lightly sprinkle top with coconut, bake in slow oven (325deg. F. gas, 375deg. F. electric) 30 to 40 minutes until set, or place in bottom of moderate oven while other courses are cooking. Serve with cooked pears and cream or ice-cream.

AVOCADO APPETISER

Three avocados, lemon juice, 3 cups creamed salmon, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon anchovy sauce (if desired), 3 tablespoons diced cooked celery, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled red pepper, 6 stuffed olives, lettuce cups.

Halve avocados, remove stones, coat with lemon juice to prevent discoloration. Combine salmon, the 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, anchovy sauce (if used), celery, and red pepper. Fill each avocado half with creamed salmon mixture, top each with one sliced olive. Arrange in crisp lettuce cups on individual plates. Serve cold.

HOMEMAKERS welcome dishes which are unusual, attractive to look at, and simply prepared. Recipes given here fill the requirements, yet lend themselves to further experiments by the cook who likes variety.

You can add your own favorite flavors to the dishes you select—such as a hint of horseradish, extra chopped parsley if it's for the children, a drop of peppermint or almond essence in the sweets, or an extra dash of piquant sauce to the meat dishes for more sophisticated palates.

Serve the menu suggested, or vary your own choice with one or two of these dishes, garnish tastefully and attractively, and your dinner will be enjoyed and remembered.

All spoon measurements are level.

TOMATO AND OYSTER SOUP

Two and a half cups cooked sieved tomato pulp or tinned tomato puree, 2½ cups oyster liquor or fish stock or water, 2 to 3 dozen oysters, ½ cup diced parboiled green pepper, 1½ cups diced cooked celery, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste.

● Here are appetising dinner dishes, with quantities given to serve six adults. The dishes chosen are economical, yet satisfying to hearty appetites. And, of course, good to look at.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

Blend flour to smooth, thin paste with a little of the oyster liquor or stock or water. Stir into tomato pulp with balance of liquid. Add green pepper, celery, lemon juice, and salt and pepper to taste. Stir and bring to boiling point, simmer 5 minutes. Fold in bearded oysters, simmer 1 minute longer. Serve piping hot with Melba toast or toast croutons.

MACARONI MEXICANA

Six ounces macaroni, 2 apples, 1 onion, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, 1½ cups stock or water, 4 tablespoons finely grated cheese, 1 tomato, 2 rashers bacon, pepper and salt, 1 dessertspoon (or more according to taste) curry powder, grilled bacon rolls, toasted cheese slices and parsley to garnish.

Plunge washed macaroni into fast-boiling salted water, cook 15 to 20 minutes until tender, drain, rinse with cold water. Peel onion, chop finely, fry until lightly browned in hot fat. Add flour, brown lightly, stir in

stock or water and grated apples. Stir and bring to boiling point, simmer 5 minutes. Add lemon rind and juice, curry powder, macaroni, grated cheese, and skinned and chopped tomato. Heat thoroughly, fill into heated serving-dish. Serve topped with grilled bacon rolls, toasted cheese slices, and parsley sprigs.

BAKED MINCE-STUFFED ONIONS

Six medium-sized onions, ¼ cup soft breadcrumbs, ½ lb. mincemeat, pinch dried powdered herbs, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon flour, ¼ cup tomato puree, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled red pepper, 2 tablespoons diced cooked celery, 2½ lbs. peas, tomato wedges and parsley to garnish.

Peel onions, cut slice from top of each. With a teaspoon scoop out centres leaving a case about ½ in. thick. Combine breadcrumbs, mincemeat, herbs, salt and pepper to taste, flour, red pepper, and celery. Moisten with tomato puree. Mix well, stuff into centres of onions piling

mixture on top of each onion as illustrated. Place in greased baking-dish, cover with piece of greased paper. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes until onions are tender and filling cooked. Serve on bed of cooked peas. Garnish with tomato wedges and parsley.

BAKED HAWAIIAN CHARLOTTE

One and a half cups finely diced pineapple, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup coconut, 2 passionfruit, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 2 eggs, 2oz. margarine or butter, slices of bread ½ in. thick, pineapple wedges, banana slices, extra passionfruit pulp, nuts and cherries to decorate.

Remove crust from bread slices, butter one side and cut into fingers. Arrange bread buttered side out, over base and sides of 8 in. flan-tin, cake-tin, or mould. Beat egg-yolk, stir in lemon juice, lemon rind, breadcrumbs, diced pineapple, passionfruit pulp, coconut, and ¼ cup of the sugar. Mix all well together. Beat egg-whites until stiff and frothy, add remaining ¼ cup sugar gradually. Fold into fruit mixture. Pour into bread-case, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 35 to 40 minutes. Allow to stand 10 minutes

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(ABOVE): Stuffed veal fillets with spinach puree, served with creamed potatoes and sautéed carrots, make appetising main course for dinner.



(RIGHT): Surprise meringue cake. Delicious for afternoon tea, or luscious dinner sweet served with custard or ice-cream.

Superb prize recipes

● Stuffed veal fillets with spinach puree wins £5 cash prize in this week's recipe contest.

VEAL prepared this way has added appeal, extra flavor, and will serve a larger number.

Surprise meringue cake, a consolation prize-winner, is delicious for afternoon tea or supper, or as a dinner sweet served hot or cold.

All spoon measurements are level.

STUFFED VEAL FILLETS WITH SPINACH PUREE

Two pounds veal steak, 2oz. fat bacon, 8 tablespoons soft bread-crumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, milk, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk for glazing, browned crumbs, and fat for frying.

Cut veal steak into rounds 3in. in diameter or into service-sized pieces if steak is not in one piece. Make a deep pocket in each with a sharp knife. Prepare stuffing — mince bacon (rind removed), add to soft breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, onion, and parsley. Bind with melted margarine or butter, adding a little milk if necessary. Fill pockets with prepared stuffing, secure edges together with cocktail sticks. Coat with seasoned flour, dip in beaten egg and milk, and toss in browned crumbs. Allow to stand 15 minutes. Dip again in beaten egg and milk and coat again with crumbs. Shallow fry in fuming fat 15 to 20 minutes turning frequently to brown evenly. Remove cocktail sticks and serve piping hot with spinach puree, creamed potatoes, and sautéed carrots. Garnish with parsley.

To Prepare Spinach Puree: Wash 1 bunch of spinach, remove white portion. Place in saucepan with 1 cup water and 1 teaspoon salt. Cook with lid on 15 to 20 minutes, until tender. Drain in colander, press with back of saucer to remove excess moisture. Shred very finely. Return to saucepan, add 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon vinegar, and pinch pepper. Stir in gradually 1 dessertspoon flour, cook 3 minutes. Serve very hot.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Price, Market St., Trentham, Vic.

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THEY cost so little yet mean so much to every member of the family: "Cookery for Parties" and "Family Dinners," the two 68-page cookery books published by The Australian Women's Weekly. Only 2/- each from your newsagent or book-seller.

SURPRISE MERINGUE CAKE

Two ounces margarine or butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 whole egg, 3 dessertspoons milk, 5oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Filling: Two tablespoons blanched shredded almonds, 3 tablespoons chopped dates, 3 tablespoons seeded raisins (or use all dates), 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Meringue Topping: One egg-white, 3 tablespoons sugar, squeeze lemon juice, few drops vanilla essence, shredded almonds.

Cream margarine or butter and sugar. Add egg-yolk, then whole egg, beating well after each addition. Stir in sifted flour and cinnamon, then milk. Fill into round 7in. cake-tin, well greased and base lined with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler.

Prepare Filling: Place all ingredients in saucepan, stir over gentle heat, making a thick paste, cool. Cut a piece from centre of cake, slanting the knife downwards towards the centre. Place filling in cavity, spread out towards the edge, replace top of cake.

Prepare Meringue: Beat egg-white until stiff, gradually add sugar, continue beating until sugar is dissolved. Flavor with lemon juice and vanilla and spread over top of cake. Stick with almonds, and lightly brown under griller or in very moderate oven. Serve in wedges.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Clark, 19 Glen St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

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R.U.R.

TYPICAL Philippines garden, arranged by Mrs. Robert Regala, wife of the Consul for the Philippines. In the picture is her daughter, Mrs. Henrietta Regala Santos, wearing a fascinating national dress, hand-embroidered in silver thread. Exquisitely carved traymobile and low table were made by prisoners in the Philippines, and are of narra wood.



International garden display

● An indoor garden exhibition in which rooms are arranged as gardens typical of many countries is being held in Sydney this week, and will be continued until May 3.

It has been arranged at the headquarters of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Society, at No. 5 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, and representatives of 15 different countries co-operated in making the gardens.

Sectional views of several settings, including an Israeli balcony garden, garden furniture from the Philippines, a Finnish well, a Greek garden table, and a Chinese moon window, are shown on this page.

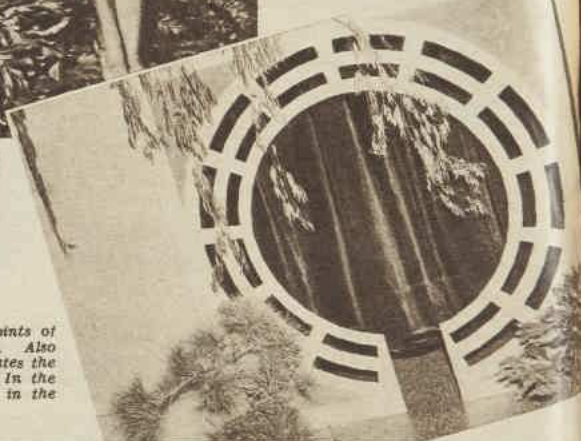
An American patio, English,



MRS. H. E. INGMAN, who arranged the Finnish exhibit, beside the well which is part of typical cottage garden in Finland. With walls of stone or red-painted logs, Finnish wells are very deep to prevent freezing in winter.

~*~

MOON WINDOW, one of the focal points of the Chinese exhibit, is shown right. Also featured is the moon gate, which separates the inner room from the outer courtyard. In the inner courtyard is a table set for two in the traditional Chinese manner.



DIGESTIVE UPSETS

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

BABY'S motions are an indication of the state of his health, and it is important that changes should be noticed quickly.

Some changes are normal ones, following differences in feeding, and these need to be recognised so that unnecessary worry is avoided.

Quick action following any departure from normal can avert serious trouble.

A leaflet dealing with this important phase of baby's health may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Send a stamped and addressed envelope for a copy.



GREEK GARDEN table at the garden exhibition arranged by Mme. Vrisakas, wife of Greek Consul. Greeks take iced water with comfure (jam preserves), olives, tomatoes, cheese, followed by ouzo, their national beverage, about the time we take tea.



BALCONY SCENE in Jerusalem is a feature of Israeli exhibit at International Garden Display. Backdrop was painted by Mrs. Y. N. Levin, wife of the Israeli Charge d'Affaires, who arranged display assisted by Mrs. T. Doron, wife of the Consul. Centuries-old city wall can be clearly seen in background separating old from new in architecture.

Greek, and Argentine cottage gardens, a replica of a pavement cafe in Paris, and a view from a Tyrolean hunting-lodge are other fascinating exhibits.

Well-known Sydney personalities are showing original flower arrangements, and the N.S.W. Chrysanthemum Society will stage a special display during the second week of the exhibition.

Sir Frederick Stewart is president of the committee.

Vice-presidents are Lady Davis, Lady Anderson, Mrs. Percy Spender, Mrs. L. O'Malley Wood, Professor L. Wilkinson, and Mr. S. Lipscombe. Organiser and designer is Mrs. Arthur Davis.

OLD-WORLD FAVORITES

ZONALE geraniums and the more aristocratic pelargoniums have come well back into favor in recent years.

This is largely due to importation from overseas of new hybrid types of greater vigor, size, and more brilliant color. Dealing with the geranium first, it can be said that it is still one of the brightest, most sun-defiant plants in the garden.

They are useful for the rockery, flower border, massed beds, or potting for indoors, and some are well adapted for naturalising on banks found difficult for other plants.

It is impossible to mention all the varieties available to-day, for they run into hundreds, with a color-range to match. But it can be said that they are not at all fussy as to soil, although they do best, of course, in good ground. Zonale geraniums are obtainable in dwarf, medium, and tall varieties, and all have their

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uses. They can be raised from seeds or cuttings.

Pelargoniums are related to the same genus as geraniums, but are a distinct variety. Many of them have enormous flowers, and if skillfully pinched back or pruned, grown in pots under glass, or in a well-protected lean-to, rival any orchid in their flowering ability and brilliance of color.

The ivy-leaved geranium belongs to this branch of the family and is much used in Australia for banking, trailing over walls, or covering fences, trellises, and archways.

Colors range from pure white, through pinks, maroons, scarlets, bright reds to almost purple, and all are equally beautiful and flower for months of the year.

The principal diseases of all geraniums and pelargoniums are rust, leaf crinkle (a virus disease), black-leg (which attacks cuttings and young plants), and dropsy (a physiological disease causing water-soaked spots on the foliage).

Rust and leaf spot conditions can usually be controlled by spraying with lime-sulphur, after removing the badly rusted leaves, but the other troubles are difficult to check.

Buds are often attacked and eaten by small caterpillars. This causes patchy opening of the flowers and can be controlled by DDT sprays. The same material will also check aphides, another pest commonly found on the plants.

Old plants that have become straggly and poor in appearance can be cut back and green pieces struck in sandy loam now. They grow rapidly and will soon replace the old staggy plants that have become shabby.—*Our Home Gardener.*

Miss Precious Minutes says:

COTTON-WOOL dipped in methylated spirit will clean a photograph without destroying the surface.

WOODEN clothes pegs will last much longer if they are boiled in soapy water before using. Put them in the copper with the clothes.

If valuable vases are used for table decoration, first add sufficient sand to prevent them tipping.

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123: Medium-cup Bras-siere, satin and all-over lace. Adjustable shoulders. Nude, white. 32"-38".

500: Girdle, all-elastic 2-way stretch, 4 suspenders. Nude, white. Small, medium, large. Also pantie style for wear without stockings, double silk crotch. Or Sportee style with elastic leghands.

At All Stores and Corsetiers

G69

PRODUCT OF PHILLIPS KNITTING MILLS, 15-19 KERR ST., FITZROY, VIC.

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MORLEY



M.E.I.

MORLEY KNITWEAR, GLOVES AND STOCKINGS MADE IN ENGLAND BY L. & R. MORLEY LTD. Trade Enquiries to: C. J. Gerrard, 67 York Street, Sydney—H. T. Wessford, 232 Flinders Lane, Melbourne—E. A. Doherty, King House, Queen Street, Brisbane.

BRILLIANT ivy-leaved geranium, or pelargonium, climbing on a trellis. This plant needs very little care beyond an annual clean-up and regular tying-up of the trailing growths.

The Gold Rush has started!

Beutron announces

originals in GOLD AND SILVER

by the world's greatest designers

Lovely Beutron Gold and Silver Buttons for day and evening wear — at a fraction of the price at which metal-finish buttons have sold before.

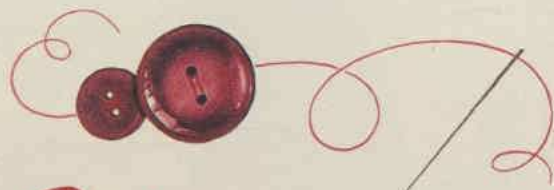
Beutron Originals are plastic buttons coated with real gold and silver. So light, they won't cause the finest material of any garment to pull or sag.

The manufacture of Beutron Originals is by a process exclusive in Australia to Beutron. There are four finishes. **Old Gold** for browns and greens. **Gold** for white, black and navy. **Old Silver**, a perfect foil for black and pastels. **Silver**, a lovely compliment to the blues and reds. You have also 6 distinctive patterns to choose from. Each an 'Original' by the world's greatest designers.

All finishes 6d. 8d. 10d. 1/- each
At all leading stores throughout Australia



A Product of G. Herring (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.
Rosebery, Sydney.



Beutron Cardigan Buttons

... with the special backing disc that sews on to the material at the back of the button. Eliminates all strain on the most delicate wool or material.

Obtainable everywhere 1/3 per card

Beutron

Opal-glo Buttons

Always Match . . . Never Clash

No need to go from store to store trying to match buttons to your material. See the whole range of Beutron Opal-glo Buttons in the self-selection container on the counter at every store.

ALL ONE PRICE 1/- PER CARD

with matching cotton on every card.



P50-3



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

NO. 320—PYJAMA SUIT

These pyjamas are cut out ready to sew in a striped flannelette in pastel shades of pink, lawn, and white; blue, grey, and white; also green, grey, and white. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 19/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 21/6. Regd. postage, 2/- extra.

NO. 321—PILLOW CASE

Traced ready to embroider and make up, this baby's dainty pillow case measures 11 x 17in., and is available in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green organdie, or in a fine cotton in shades of green, pink, blue, and lemon. (Lace trimming is not supplied). Price, 4/11. Postage, 6d. extra.

NO. 322—GUEST TOWELS

Three pretty guest towels, measuring 17 x 24in., are traced ready to embroider. They are obtainable in heavy cream Irish linen or sheer linen in pastel blue, lemon, pink, green, maize; also white. Make a small hem down each side when embroidery is finished and trim with lace. (Lace edging not supplied.) Price, 5/11 each. Postage, 3d. extra. Set of three, 14/6. Postage, 7d. extra.

NO. 323—GIRL'S PLAID SKIRT

This plaid skirt, cut out ready to make up, has an attached cotton bodice with tuck for lengthening as the child grows. The material is a wool tartan, and the colors available are: Red, turquoise, with yellow and white (Royal Stewart); gold, royal-blue, with red and white (Buchanan); green, red with royal-blue and white (McBeth). Sizes: Length 18in., 2 years, 13/3. Regd. postage, 11d. extra. Length 19in., 3 years, 14/6. Regd. postage, 11d. extra. Length 20in., 4 years, 15/3. Regd. postage, 1/1 extra. Length 23in., 5-6 years, 16/11. Regd. postage, 1/1 extra.

NO. 324—GIRL'S CREAM SKIRT

Cut out ready to make up in cream wool twill, this pleated skirt has a cotton bodice with a tuck in it for lengthening as the little girl grows. Sizes: Length, 18in., 2 years, 12/11. Regd. postage, 11d. extra. Length 19in., 3 years, 13/9. Regd. postage, 11d. extra. Length 20in., 4 years, 14/9. Regd. postage, 1/1 extra. Length 23in., 5-6 years, 15/11. Regd. postage, 1/1 extra.

* When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 320, 321, 322, and 323, make a second color choice, C.O.D. orders not accepted.

322

323

324

Fashion PATTERNS

F5959

F5961

F5960

F5962

F5959.—Shirtwaist dress with all-round pleated skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5960.—Large hip pockets trim a tailored one-piece. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5961.—Smart winter coat, can be made hip or full length. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material for long coat, and 2½yds. 54in. material for short coat. Price, 2/4.

F5962.—Button-up coat frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

• TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 42.



Here it is my dear... the gorgeous difference between mere existence and a charmed life—your new, fetching Black Lance Twin Set. Such wonderful styles, patterns, colours. The lass at your favourite store will just love to show them to you... you lucky thing.

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For Lovelier Hair
Individually Yours

Shampoo

First step is your individual colour Camilatone Shampoo. Vitamin-charged, Camilatone cleanses and invigorates both hair and scalp without harsh drying action.

Rinse

with the Tonic hair-colour rinse supplied in every packet of Camilatone. Tonic brings light and life to your hair and by subtly defining its natural colour gives enhanced hair loveliness. Extra packets of Tonic in your individual shade also available.

Set

with Lustrat—day-long loveliness for your hair with this beautifier and setting cream. Lustrat leaves a silkier sheen, makes brilliantine unnecessary.

Camilatone
Individual Hair Treatment
For Lovelier Hair
At Chemists, Stores, Ladies' Hairdressers.

Pick a pack
of

SAXA

the pick of
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Their
Even Colour
Quality is not
a matter
of
Chance



There is no "carbon copy" of the recipe for ARNOTT'S famous MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS, and their *even* colour quality tells the story of the care taken in their manufacture.

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F A M O U S

Milk Arrowroot Biscuits



1. There is nothing truer than that "Colour tells the story" to experienced cooks. Look at the colour of ARNOTT'S famous MILK ARROWROOT BISCUITS, it is always the same even brown.
2. Why is this so? Because their colour is produced *naturally* without artificial means by the exact baking of unvarying ingredients.
3. Let this even colour be your guide, and the name ARNOTT your protection, when buying Milk Arrowroot Biscuits for your children.

There is no Substitute for Quality.